

JOHN BULL

SNOWDEN on the BEST GOVERNMENT SEE PAGES 24 and 25.



Have a Capstan!



10 FOR 6^d 20 FOR 11^d
Plain or Cork-Tipped

THERE'S NO BETTER VALUE

THIS MUST WATCH YOURS ABSOLUTELY FREE!

There is no "catch" in it! This 15/- Aircraft shock-proof, non-magnetic, Swiss lever watch fitted with unbreakable glass in Chromium-plated untarnishable case with solid leather strap is absolutely FREE! Warranted 3 years. A genuine offer to popularise our 100% Sheffield "Double Life" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades at 1/- per packet of 15. All you have to do is to buy 5 packets at 5/-, post 6d., and receive Free watch with the blades per return. If they are not as good as any 4d. blade money refunded in full. Send P.O. 5/6 now to—AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.1.), 87, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1 (Second Floor).

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given Free to All Sufferers!

If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, "Inferiority Complex," or any similar nerve-weakness, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you! An absorbingly interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 3d. to cover cost of postage, etc. Write NOW, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.5),
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A FREE PARCEL

of high-grade accessories, and the finest Coventry built cycle is yours for £3-10-0 cash, or terms, carriage paid.

SPORTS, RACERS, LIGHTWEIGHTS.
Etc., superior to all others. Lower prices. Better terms. Catalogue FREE.

O'Brien Ltd. COVENTRY

Accept this unique TRIAL OFFER

Readers of "John Bull" are given the unique opportunity to obtain 3 different Port-type wines at 9d. per bottle—any two for 1/6, or a 1/2 sample bottle of all three for 2/3... cost of packing and postage only! To avail yourself of this special offer turn to the Emu Australian Wine Co.'s advt. on page 29, cut out the coupon, pin it to a sheet of notepaper, write your name and address, and state sample or samples required, attaching necessary Postal Order. Address: The Emu Australian Wine Co., Ltd. (J.B.1.), Swan Street, London, E.1.

THIS IS THE BELT

which is being spoken of as the finest value for money. This belt has strong elastic suspenders, leather protected, unbreakable steel and simple fastening. Has a good "uplift" feeling. Thousands of these have been sold, with excellent results, and the price is for any size, 28ins. to 40ins., Ladies' or Gent's. 10/- Full list on request. Post 4d.

A Customer writes: "I wish to inform you that the belt is most satisfactory. It has given me great relief and I feel better in every way."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B.57),
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Relief from Pain Within 3 Minutes

After the First Dose—Sustained Increasing Benefit After Every Further Dose.

RENIPAS

The 3 Minute Remedy

ISOLMIA—One powder will give a full night's refreshing sleep, even though you have not enjoyed this for years. **RENIPAS Coloured Powder** is the result of seven years' scientific research by a fully-qualified Doctor (M.D.), who guarantees it contains NO Injurious Drugs, Poisons, or any other harmful and DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART. Renipas is NOT a One Drug Remedy; it is compounded of several ingredients, solid and liquid, the formula being in accordance with approved medical and scientific principles. It is similar to a physician's costly prescription, plus the chemist's charge every time made up.

Renipas is applied to Doctors, Nurses, Hospitals, Institutions, etc.

FREE Although you may consider your case hopeless, yet RENIPAS will not fail. Send two stamps for FREE PACKAGE.

8 powders 1/3, 24 3/4, 96 11/4. From your local Chemist. If any difficulty post free from The International Chemical Association (Dept. B.J.), 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VIEW
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STURDY LIFE

KEEP YOUR DOG FIT!

Give him **SHERLEY'S TONIC AND CONDITION POWDER.**

They will renew his appetite if he is "off his feed."
They will increase his vitality if he is listless and out-of-sorts.
They will purify his blood if he is always scratching.
They will improve his coat if he is shedding hairs all over the place.
and keep him always in tip-top condition.

SHERLEY'S
WORM
CAPSULES & POWDERS
CANKER
LOTION & POWDER
SKIN OURE
INSECT POWDER
LINTOX
FOR OUTRIPPER

6d. per packet of 9 Powders, 1/3 per packet of 24 Powders.
From Chemists, Stores and Corn Merchants.

SPECIAL OFFER CHIMNEY SWEEPING

and Drain Cleaning Machines.
30ft. Finest Quality Cans, fitted with best brass screws and sockets.
18in. beam chimney brush. Carriage 1/4.
Archimedes Drain Cleaner included.
Cash refunded if not satisfied.

12/6

Other Sizes:
40ft. 25/-, 50ft. 30/-, 60ft. 35/-, 80ft. 45/-, 100ft. 55/-

The above are Best Quality—STURDY QUALITY 50%
9/-, Curz. 1/2, Laid. 1/2, Sweep. 1/2
and Drain Tools POST FREE
S. TYZACK & SON, Ltd. (J.B. 28),
241, 242 & 245, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

Spend 1/2 Gain £2

HAILE PENNY

Simply fill in your name and address on the Coupon and post it for full particulars of the "Worldwide" Club—a can mean from 25 up to £5 and more to you. "Worldwide" Club are a happy opportunity for you to earn in a few minutes of your spare time each week a good Commission and Profit-share in an easy and pleasant way. You also benefit your friends—they buy direct from the Warehouse on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly and at Warehouse prices, saving them from 5/- to 10/- in the 8. Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Fashions, Furniture, Crochery and Household Goods of every description. Don't miss this opportunity which many thousands enjoy—add to your income at the friendliest hobby in the world—no samples to carry or selling to do; no experience or capital required. POST THE COUPON TO-DAY for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars—free and without obligation.

Associated Warehouse—
J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd., of Manchester.
Established 1875. British to the backbone—40 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 2,000,000 parcels and packets annually.
Directors: E. C. & W. P. Williams.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
Charles Street, MANCHESTER 1.

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Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me, free and without obligation, your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Club, showing how I can earn from 25 to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M. (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address

J.B.40
(Send in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp only required.)

FREE offer to SKIN SUFFERERS

Every Skin Sufferer should send INSTANTLY for a FREE SAMPLE of Holloway's Brand Ointment, supreme for 96 years. Has relieved and permanently cured millions. Unsurpassed in the rapid healing of SORES, ULCERS, ECZEMA, BOILS, BAD LEG, ITCHING, FIMPLES, CUTS, BLOTCHES, BURN, RHEUMATISM, etc., etc. Send a postcard at once for a free sample of the World's Greatest Skin Healer.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.8), WATFORD

GET BATHS

Garage Bath 12-7-6d. or 14-0-0 monthly.
Cup Bath 10-0-0 monthly.
Bath 10-0-0 monthly.
Bath 10-0-0 monthly.
Bath 10-0-0 monthly.

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WRITE FOR SAMPLES of the FAMOUS "TWILIGHT" **READICUT RUG WOOLS**

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE

Buy the BEST Rug Wools DIRECT FROM THE MILLS and make a BETTER Rug at nearly HALF the cost. Write for FREE SAMPLES AND

FREE RUG BOOK containing 30 new Rug designs in full colours. Send p.c. (1d. stamp). READICUT WOOL CO. Ltd. Dept. J.B. Scott, Yorks.

FROM 1/- PER LB

BRUSHES & MOPS that are fully guaranteed

★ Every housewife should send for a special free illustrated leaflet explaining all about the wonderful merit of Kleen-eze Brushes and Mops which enable cleaning to be done more quickly, easily and thoroughly. Kleen-eze Brushes for household and toilet use are British made and fully guaranteed. They are not sold in shops, but representatives are pleased to give demonstrations at your home without obligation. See p. 34. Write for free leaflet to: Kleen-eze Brush Co., Ltd., 19, Hannan, Bristol.

YOURS for 1/6

SEND ONLY 1/6

Now as we need replacement

FREE Cycle Dept. J.21, 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Sample Offers for Men and Women!

Don't overlook the special offers made by the Shaver-Zeekol Co. on the Back Cover. Men who have not yet experienced the New Shaver method of shaving are invited to cut out the coupon for a free sample tube. Women who have never tried Dogs Cream, the new complexion restorer, are given the opportunity of securing a free sample tube in return for the coupon appearing in the advt.

Another offer appears in the advt. in which samples of Zeekol Ointment and Pills and, if required, a sample of Zeekol Medicated Soap can be obtained by cutting out the coupon. When applying for all these samples be sure to attach your name and address, written plainly, enclosing the necessary stamps to cover cost of postage.

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved in the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of free testimonials. Write for these to-day, please! Or send 6/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

THE NEW ELASTO TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd.
(Dept. 31A), Great House, Brompton Viaduct, London, S.W.2.

£1,200 Won in Crossword Competition No. 254.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £333 1/3 will be sent:

Miss E. Alfrey, 67, Oscar Street, Maccles, Manchester.
H. N. Davies, Knowle Lane, Buxley.
H. J. Washell, 2, North Street, Shotton.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution digible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 1st, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 47 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who all can receive £3 2s. 7d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS in crossword No. 252: Two hundred and three competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of 5s. 11d. have been despatched.

An Amazing New X-word Quiz with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £10 a Week or a lump sum of £4,000 and £1,000 to be divided between Runners-up, appears on Page 44. Try your skill now.

STORE SHEDS
39 MONTHLY

SUTCLIFFE'S

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing tools, garden implements, cycles, frames, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections; really the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing felt supplied. Floors extra.

Small Store Sheds from 24/-
Long With High. Cash or 12 payments.
12 ft. x 6 ft. 22 1/2 6 5/6
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12 ft. x 10 ft. 34 1/2 10 9/6
12 ft. x 12 ft. 40 1/2 12 11/6
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12 ft. x 552 ft. 1660 1/2 552 551/6
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12 ft. x 622 ft. 1870 1/2 622 621/6
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12 ft. x 656 ft. 1972 1/2 656 655/6
12 ft. x 658 ft. 1978 1/2 658 657/6
12 ft. x 660 ft. 1984 1/2 660 659/6
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12 ft. x 664 ft. 1996 1/2 664 663/6
12 ft. x 666 ft. 2002 1/2 666 665/6
12 ft. x 668 ft. 2008 1/2 668 667/6
12 ft. x 670 ft. 2014 1/2 670 669/6
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12 ft. x 774 ft. 2326 1/2 774 773/6
12 ft. x 776 ft. 2332 1/2 776 775/6
12 ft. x 778 ft. 2338 1/2 778 777/6
12 ft. x 780 ft. 2344 1/2 780 779/6
12 ft. x 782 ft

"JOHN BULL'S" Great

One for you—One for your friend

JOHN BULL'S "wonderful gift to every Reader, full details of which are again published, has aroused tremendous enthusiasm. Have you accepted "John Bull's" fine offer? If not, do so AT ONCE on the Forms below. All applications from this announcement must be received by NOT later than first post, Saturday, May 5th. Think what a pleasure it will be to receive in time for the holidays, one of the superb Cameras which comprises "John Bull's" Great Gift. It is a magnificent 1934 "ENSIGN" Camera—the very latest model—a real high-grade British-made article—nowhere else obtainable—superbly constructed, beautifully finished—one of the best Cameras that it is possible to obtain. And remember "John Bull" not only invites you to accept one of these Cameras for yourself, but one for a friend as well.

In making this twofold offer, "John Bull" emphasises the need for instant reservation on the Forms below. The demand for these Cameras is enormous. To make certain that you and your friend get your Cameras the moment they are available from the makers, the Reservation Forms below should be filled in and posted at once.

Now look at the illustration of this magnificent Camera—and then at its name. "ENSIGN"—a household word—a trade mark famous all over the world. Here, indeed, is a first class Camera—a Camera into which is built one hundred years of splendid photographic experience—a reliable, scientifically made article with which the veriest beginner can get results.

This "Ensign" Camera has a genuine British-made Lens of the rapid Meniscus type, specially focussed to give clear, sparkling snaps from six feet to infinity. You don't need to worry about distance—everything you see in the view-finder comes out in the print—inexpensive, trouble-free photography.

The shutter is the wonderful "EVERSET ROTARY" type, with simple adjustment controls that enable you, at the touch of a finger, to switch from "snap" to "time" exposures. With it you can photograph heavy detail, and take beautiful pictures indoors as well as out. There are two large-size Optical Reflex Viewfinders—one for vertical pictures and the other for horizontal views. The body of this "Ensign" Camera is strongly made—the back and front are of hardwood, the whole body is reinforced with hardwood and metal bracing.

The Camera is completely and attractively covered with handsome Black Morocco-grained Leatherette—a material that will withstand any amount of usage. It has a stout, real leather carrying handle. All exterior fittings are polished nickel plated or black.

To load this Camera is the easiest thing in the world—the simple straight-line loading system with which it is fitted ensures complete freedom from winding troubles.

A Leaflet giving full operating particulars is sent with every Camera.

Think of the wonderful collection of photographs you can build up this Summer with this handy trouble-free Camera. You may, too, win one of the many huge cash prizes which will be offered in snapshot competitions.

In order to qualify for one of these Gift Cameras, you are asked by

"John Bull" to introduce one friend only who is NOT already a reader. All the your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve weeks. In return, we will present both to you and to your friend, a 1934 "Ensign" Camera. The only other thing we ask you to do is to make certain that the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader, i.e., one who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

So great is our faith in "John Bull" that we believe that those who, in the first place, are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial, will continue thereafter as regular readers.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for twelve weeks, you are each asked to cut out and affix twelve consecutive tokens from twelve successive issues of "John Bull" to the Gift Voucher which will be sent to you upon receipt of the Forms below. Directly you own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will each have despatched to you an "Ensign" Camera complete with a six-exposure "LUKOS" Daylight Loading Film—so that your camera is ready for use the moment it is unpacked. That's all. There is no "catch." There are no hidden conditions. There is nothing more to do. There is nothing more for you and your friend to pay other than 2/6 each, which includes postage, packing in cartons, insurance, etc., and the Film that comes packed inside each camera.

Act NOW. First read the simple "How to Qualify" directions on the opposite page. Then take the first step towards securing your Camera by getting the Reservation Forms below filled in and posted to-day.

On receipt of the Forms below, properly completed, "John Bull" will send you two Gift Vouchers on which both you and your friend may qualify for your Gift Cameras. At the same time, two Gift Cameras will be specially reserved—one in your own name and the other in the name of your friend.

The opportunity to enjoy this Summer all the fun and pleasure of photography is in your hands now. Seize it without delay. Apply at once.



POST FORMS BELOW TO-DAY!

IMPORTANT! Do not separate these forms—post in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST affix a halfpenny stamp to the label. Write clearly in BLOCK letters.

Halfpenny
stamp
MUST be
firmly
affixed here
by you.

Name.....
Full Postal
Address.....

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE. DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Applications from this announcement must be received by NOT LATER than SAT., MAY 5.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

RESERVATION FORM "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a NEW READER.

The "John Bull" reader MUST complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address clearly in block letters.

To Dept. J.B.S., "John Bull,"

3, Arno Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve an "Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has personally signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer. I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull." Please send me an Official Voucher on which to qualify for my "Ensign" Camera, together with a similar Voucher for me to hand on to my friend.

"John Bull" Reader's Signature.....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Date.....
Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name.....
Address.....

LEAVE BLANK CHECKED

District Supervisor.

RESERVATION FORM "B"

This Form "B" MUST be filled in and signed PERSONALLY by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" reader.

Your special Gift offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." I certify that I am NOT a reader of "John Bull" and that I have NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.

I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks. In accordance with your special offer, please send me an "Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) an Official Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature.....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Date.....
Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you have given or will give an order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name.....
Address.....

LEAVE BLANK CHECKED

District Supervisor.

CAMERA GIFT!

Here is an illustration of the two superb "Ensign" Cameras which you and your friend can obtain in time for the holidays provided you use the Reservation Forms on the opposite page at once. The Cameras are attractively covered in Black Morocco - grained Leatherette.



HOW TO QUALIFY

It is important that the Rules below should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is introduced.

Simple Rules

The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "John Bull." If it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.

An "Ensign" Camera will NOT be awarded unless applied for on an Official Voucher. Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label.

Each applicant must complete his or her own Voucher by affixing to it 12 consecutively numbered tokens cut from 12 successive current weekly issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this offer are Series "A" and they appear every week only in the RIGHT HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Applicants from this announcement may start with Token No. A 71 and no other series of tokens will be accepted under this scheme.

When the two Vouchers are completed—that is, AFTER the 12 weeks and NOT before—they must be sent in together to "John Bull" by the "John Bull" reader. Gift Cameras

cannot be awarded in respect of Vouchers sent in separately. Each completed Voucher—your own and your friend's—must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 2/6 (Two Shillings and Sixpence), which includes the 6-exposure spool of E.29 "Lukos" 3 in. by 2 in. film, and the cost of postage, packing, insurance, etc., on the Cameras, which are despatched separately to your respective addresses.

There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Camera and no Camera will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Each applicant who is qualifying for a Camera must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull."

Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

Your First Film
comes with
your Camera

"John Bull" has arranged for YOUR FIRST SIX-EXPOSURE SPOOL OF FILM TO BE SENT WITH YOUR CAMERA, so that you can begin to take pictures at once. This film, which takes pictures size 3 in. by 2 in., is the famous Daylight-loading "E 29" LUKOS Film. This camera, of course, will take any type of 3 in. by 2 in. film, and films for this Camera are obtainable everywhere.



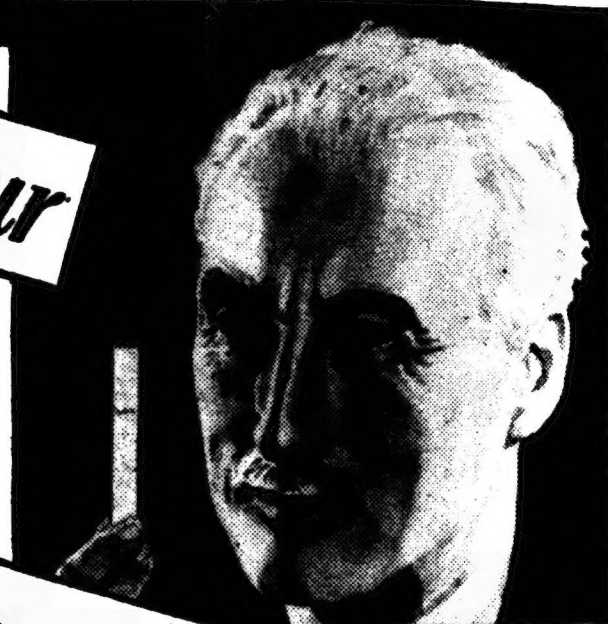
He likes the flavour

Because not content with making an ordinary Virginia cigarette, Carreras have selected the choicest tobaccos from the best year's crops and blended them into a perfectly balanced, even-drawing cigarette.



She likes the packing

Because it is modern, smartly designed and the foil wrapping keeps the cigarettes at a permanent freshness. Beautifully coloured cigarette cards of Lawson Wood's famous 'Gran'pop' series are enclosed in every packet.



He likes the size

Because like many people he is a discerning buyer and wants full value for his money. He gets it—these Black Cat Green Band are of increased length and contain more tobacco.

Yes

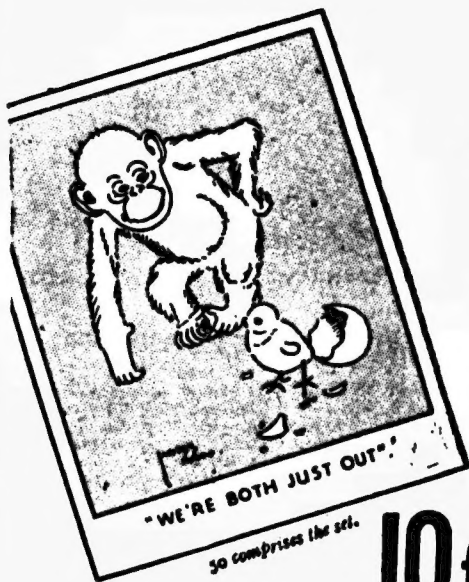
everyone likes everything about

The Improved

Black Cat

10 for 6^d

20 for 1/-



As always—full value for your money

MADE IN LONDON'S WONDER FACTORY·ARCADIA WORKS·THE HOME OF CARRERAS LTD.

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JOHN BULL

T H U R S D A Y,

For week ending Saturday, April 21, 1934. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: In-
land and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.
Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

"Greasing the palm" will still be a paying game unless the punishment is made to fit the crime



Without Fear or Favour

How to KILL THE GRAFT

WE congratulate Sir Hilton Young on having studied to good effect our recent series of articles exposing the widespread graft and corruption in our municipal life to-day.

He hasn't, to be sure, struck a knock-out blow at the evil, but he has issued a Crown Circular from the Ministry of Health to local authorities laying down fresh regulations of a vital character on matters affecting the honesty of municipal councillors and officials where contracts involving public funds are concerned.

We welcome this wholeheartedly as the first real step in what we earnestly hope will become a determined official war against graft.

We say "first step" because, although the Minister's Order is admirable so far as it goes, it does not go far enough, as we shall show.

There are scores of cases where men in public offices have abused their trust and enriched themselves by holding private financial interests in municipal contracts. In some cases, they actually had the temerity to vote, in the council chamber, in their own interests while supposedly acting in an unbiased and public-spirited manner.

There are other instances where gratuities, in money and in kind, have been accepted by municipal officials for showing preference in bestowing contracts. And secret information has been disclosed for a consideration so that private contractors could submit tenders that were certain to be accepted.

THE Minister of Health's Order now makes it clear that if a member of a local authority—or any official—has any pecuniary interest in a contract he must immediately disclose the fact.

Moreover, if he is a member of the council, he is precluded from voting on the issue; or, if an official, forbidden to accept any fee or reward whatever other than his regular remuneration.

So far, so good! But what would happen to any councillor or official who kept the knowledge of his secret interests to himself? Would a criminal prosecution and a well-deserved spell in prison automatically follow?

Nothing of the sort. The new regulations are lamentably lax in regard to the punishment to be meted out to offenders. The Minister's

Order merely says: "Any breach of these provisions is punishable by a fine not exceeding £50."

That may discourage a few of the small fry of graft, but it is unlikely to deter men who scheme to make thousands of pounds improperly from the exploitation of municipal contracts, knowing full well that the chance of discovery is remote.

The new regulations, in some respects, will actually help offenders.

FOR there is nothing to prevent them from still holding their public posts and still benefiting under contracts dealt with by their councils, so long as they disclose their interests and absent themselves from the council chamber while the particular contract in which they are interested is under discussion!

That, moreover, still leaves a very big loophole for men like the councillor we recently exposed, who, when extracting bribes in return for a municipal favour, admitted that he had six of his eight colleagues "squared" to vote as he wished!

The Minister of Health has directed his attack to the contract side of the graft problem. Let us tell him of other aspects of the problem crying out for his immediate attention.

One of them is the question of local audits.

Countless cases of corruption, involving tens of thousands of pounds, have remained unchecked for long periods solely because the auditing system in force was antiquated and carelessly conducted.

In one case, which some time ago came before the notice of the Public Prosecutor and in which a large sum was involved, the accounts had been entrusted to a firm of small, unqualified auditors. Had more competent accountants been engaged the frauds would have been detected long before they were and much public money saved.

We say unhesitatingly that qualified auditors should be employed under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Health on all local government audits. They should have full powers to demand the production of invoices, tenders, ledgers and account books, which go back for years, where a prolonged investigation into past operations is desirable.

A recent scandal, in which something like

£85,000 was involved, was only brought fully to light because a Government auditor, called in to carry out a special audit, carried his enquiry back for fifteen years.

We must remind the Health Minister, too, that a vast amount of corruption has for years resulted from the lax system which prevails in many parts of the country concerning deliveries of goods ordered under municipal tenders.

Inadequate checks have been kept on deliveries, and, particularly where bricks, sand and mortar are concerned, whole loads have been kept back or diverted by dishonest contractors. The difference has, by common arrangement, been shared between council officials and members of the contracting firms.

In much the same way, goods required for housing, land and other development schemes have been issued from local government stores without a proper check or examination being kept, and diverted to private enterprise for monetary considerations.

LARGE sums of money have also passed to councillors and their nominees over the purchase of land for development schemes. Having advance knowledge of coming events, they have bought and sold land at great profit by manipulating its resale to the councils on which they sat.

In many instances leakages have been traced to employees in town clerks' offices, and much stricter regulations are required to ensure that vital information of this character is not disclosed.

Lastly, all reports of council meetings at which any suggestion of corruption is under discussion, or any "findings" delivered against any member or official of any council, should automatically be made public. Councils should no longer be permitted to hush up any report that reflects upon their own administration.

The public, who pays the piper, has a right to know what the councillors and officials it appoints to dispense and guard its funds are up to.

Sir Edward Hilton Young must see that the public does know.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

We Can Do Without the Boy and Girl Pilot

Unfit to be Parents

What is a Pulpit for?

WE see no reason whatever to extol the exploits of Master Ovid Victor Ottley, who has piloted an aeroplane at the age of fourteen, or of Miss

Joan Hughes, who is fifteen, and is described as the youngest girl pilot.

We have every sympathy with the legitimate aspirations of the younger generation, but we draw the line when they soar too high.

Apparently the Under Secretary for Air is of the same opinion, for he has just told Parliament that solo flights by young persons are undesirable.

Great danger

Sir Philip Sassoon pointed out that no aeroplane licence can be granted to persons under seventeen, but there is no regulation preventing a child under that age from making a flight within "gliding distance" of an aerodrome.

Well, we think there should be. A child pilot could do quite a lot of damage within that "gliding distance," whatever that may be. He could kill not only himself, but others.

Impetuous youth

No one can pretend that a child of fourteen or fifteen is careful or responsible enough to control an aeroplane. A child is too impetuous, too slow in dealing with emergencies.

Because of that we do not allow a child to drive a motor car until the age of sixteen—and that is too low a limit, as we have urged before, in view of the high proportion of road accidents caused by young drivers.

So why ask for trouble by allowing children to have their fling in the air?

No limit

We must emphasise another point. It is obviously possible for a pilot aged fourteen or fifteen to take a plane to a great height and still be within "gliding distance" of an aerodrome.

And supposing it got out of his control at that height and hurled, with terrible force, downwards—to crash into some crowded city street?

That is no fanciful suggestion. An aeroplane that gets out of control at a great height does not usually fall like a stone, but may crash to earth miles away.

What must be done

Because of this very real danger we are not satisfied with Sir Philip Sassoon's reply in the Commons. It is not merely "undesirable" that young persons should make solo flights, but it should be made impossible.

By all means let the public become "air-minded." But flying is not helped by allowing children to become pilots. The dangers are far too serious.

Unfit parents

For sheer, callous brutality, the neglect of a Dudley man and wife takes our breath away.

Their baby son contracted tuberculosis, and its emaciated condition must have been apparent to them for at least a month; yet they did not call in a doctor until the morning of its death.

The baby was actually dead before he arrived, and its body had been reduced to a skeleton.

Terrible record

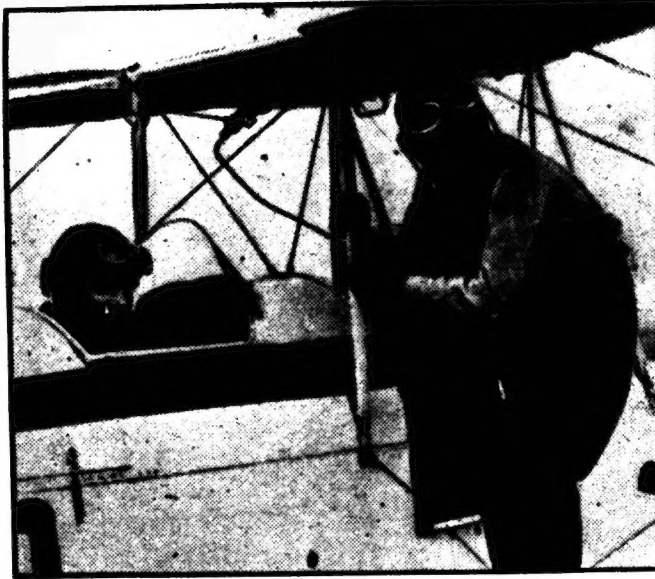
When the parents, Joseph and Minnie Plant, were charged with neglect, the Recorder declared: "It was your neglect which caused the death of this child."

Then it was revealed that they had previously been sent to prison for twelve months for neglecting another child, which also died.

And they have now been sentenced to a further fifteen months.

Inhuman

Then at Kingston-on-Thames, Sidney and Florence Smith were charged with ill-treating and neglecting a boy aged two. It was said that the father didn't take kindly to the child because he had



Our two youngest air pilots—should they be allowed to fly?

wanted a daughter. It was proved that the boy was horribly emaciated, black and blue with bruises, cowed and unable to stand.

Both parents went to jail for six months, though the mother is expecting another child. We honestly think she should not have children.

Stern penalties!

As we say, parents whose children die of neglect should be as sternly punished as if they had committed manslaughter.

We think every decent parent will agree with us that persons who are capable of such deliberate cruelty, which often amounts to manslaughter, should not be treated so leniently as the present law permits.

The "Beast" loses

Fourteen years ago we said what Mr. Justice Swift said in his summing-up of the case brought by Aleister Crowley, "Beast 666."

"Never have I heard such dreadful, horrible, blasphemous, abominable stuff as that produced by a man describing himself as the greatest living poet," he began.

"I thought I knew every conceivable form of wickedness. I have learned in this case that we can always learn something if we live long enough."

Scathing

We congratulate the judge on his outspokenness. Never has there been so scathing an indictment from the Bench. Never has a man been more strongly denounced in these columns than Crowley.

Time and again we have exposed his orgies of black magic; we have described him as "the King of Depravity."

He was asked in court why he had not taken action against us for these repeated attacks, but he could make only lame excuses.

Britain's worst man

We can divulge that our dossiers about him were placed at the disposal of the lawyers engaged in the defence of the libel case which he brought against the

author and publishers of a book and which he so signally lost.

We are glad to have been of assistance, and now we hope that the world will no longer be besmirched by the activities of this loathsome individual.

Getting ready

At last one Government Department is really getting busy. But unfortunately it is the War Office.

We don't like the sound of its rather ominous announcements that it is holding a census of all horses in this country which might be used for war purposes; and that it is after two

more research chemists from the Universities, for that sounds like poison-gas.

Then twenty experts from the War Office, Admiralty and Air Ministry have accompanied Mr. Eden to Geneva—presumably to make sure that he doesn't agree to anything that suggests disarmament. If the rest of Europe is going war mad again, must we also go mad?

Pound of flesh

And for sheer impudence, the brass-hats at the War Office will take some beating.

Last year we told how people living near the Army rifle range at Orford, Warrington, were terror-stricken by bullets that whistled into their gardens; and how nightworkers could not sleep because of the incessant rifle fire.

At last the panjandrums have become convinced of the danger. They agree to the removal of the range—so long as the council pays £150 towards the cost and a suitable site can be secured.

Our tip

We don't wonder that one councillor has offered to pull the range down without further ado if ten other residents will help him!

Anyhow, there's no need for that. We advise the town council to order the removal of the range and refuse to pay a penny.

Dilly Dally

But if the War Office is busy, the Ministry of Health—at least so far as one of its big slum reform plans is concerned—has gone to sleep.

Sir Edward Hilton Young's scheme for reconditioning overcrowded houses—giving them a stitch in time lest they become slums—is to remain in the talkie-talkie stage this year. Work won't begin till next year at the earliest.

And there are still lots of people living five to a room, still an army of building workers unemployed.

Middlemen we loathe

Another disturbing thing is the allegation of Mr. Rhys Davies, M.P., that British merchants are buying large quantities of sweated Japanese goods and sell-

ing them to West Africa as "British-made."

They may be making big profits themselves, but they are stabbing Britain in the back.

We want to see Mr. Runciman put an end to this dirty business.

Misplaced thanks

We should like to see an end, alas, such stupid suggestions as the one the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be "grateful" to the people who him "conscience money."

We prefer that gratitude should be expressed to the taxpayers who so and stint to pay their obligations rather than to those who swindle the Revenue and are then stricken with remorse.

Defending the faith

Then comes the meanest of all restraints.

At Bolton-le-Sands, near Lancaster, a Catholic church owed 1s. 1d. to the two bailiffs arrived and seized its land that was resting against the church wall!

Can you think of anything sillier than that?

Sport in the pulpit

We were almost as annoyed to find that a City of London rector took the chances of the Arsenal, Brentford and Chelsea football teams in his day sermon.

We are constantly urging that the Church should take more interest in present-day social evils, but a priest who uses the pulpit to give Soccer casts would be better employed elsewhere.

Pride and fall

Nor do we agree with the high tribute paid by the South London coroner to a man who had been out of work more than two years but refused to take the "dole."

As his savings dwindled to nothing he became more and more depressed, eventually killed himself.

If that poor man had not been mistakenly proud, he might be alive today and—who knows?—in a job.

Is he ashamed?

Once again we advise investors to look only through the Stock Exchange to their bank.

"Bucket shops" are very busy now—one of them being a firm to which we have previously referred, Fred C. Owen, of 9, Fenchurch Street, London.

The real name of the proprietor, C. W. Dickenson, and, in accordance with the law, is printed on his paper; but in such tiny letters that it can be read only by people with good sight.

We wonder why?

Lunacy loophole

A welcome addition to our campaign against the infamous lunacy laws is the outspoken comment of the South London coroner.

A woman fell seriously ill and a doctor mistook her delirium for insanity. He ordered her removal to the lunatic ward of the city hospital, though fortunately, the woman's illness was properly diagnosed.

The unforgivable scandal is the weakness of the law, as the coroner remarked, makes it possible for persons sane people to be sent into a lunatic ward.

Self-murder

We have no respect for people who, though the Essex woman who, though ill, persistently refused to see a doctor. When at last her husband insisted she was too late. She died of tuberculosis.

Now, if such people break a limb, don't refuse medical aid. Yet the law doesn't seek it when they are far seriously ill.

That, to our mind, is the most illogical stupidity.

The Fragrant Minute

Two Burdens

A HIKER passed me on the road. I noted him—the rate he strode—but not his bulging rucksack's load!

"Brother!" (cried I) "Good luck this day, and may the sun shine all the way and your huge burden shrink in size." He turned with laughter in his eyes. "It's better on my back," he said, "than on my mind"—and on he sped. Shouted again and glanced behind, "Better my back, than on my mind" . . .

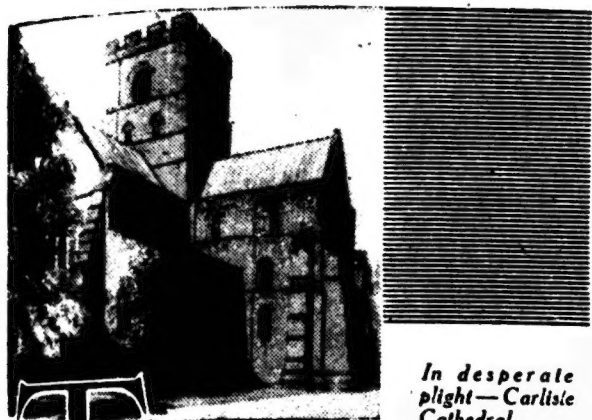
I watched till he was out of sight. Said to myself, "That chap is right. Far better carry on one's back, a good-sized, useful hiker's pack, than on one's mind a load of fear, bitter, suspicious thoughts that sear."

Load on the back—but sky and sun, peace in the heart and joyous fun. No load to bruise a hiker's mind; only the thought that life is kind—with fields ahead and town behind.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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SEVEN BANKRUPT CATHEDRALS



In desperate plight—Carlisle Cathedral

THE other day a venerable and aged Dean, a pious scholar, an authority on the past and almost totally unacquainted with the present, tottered into a smallish room on the fifth floor of a building along Millbank, London, and addressed the occupant in tones trembling with despair.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "What shall we do? We have come to the end of our resources. There is no more money in the bank. We can get nothing in from our revenues for months. We cannot pay the Cathedral staff—in fact we owe them money. It's terrible!" he moaned.

The occupant soothed his distinguished visitor. He is used to despair like this.

"Have you tried the bank? Perhaps they will give you a temporary overdraft."

"No. Do banks do that? Do you think they would?"

And the old man departed full of hope.

The bank advanced the money required on the security of the Cathedral and the Dean and Chapter, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners made a grant to the Cathedral in question. For the moment disaster has been averted.

Tangled muddle

THIS is a typical interview in the daily life of Sir Henry Sharp, who is to-day acting as secretary to the Cathedral Commissioners for England, a statutory body set up by a Church Assembly measure of 1931, and which is now, after its preliminary investigations, just beginning to get to the bottom of the inextricably tangled and muddled finance of the forty-one cathedrals of the Established Church of England.

These Commissioners number eight, with the Bishop of Derby as their chairman. Their job is one of the toughest that ever faced a body of men. For out of the forty-one cathedrals of the country, barely half a dozen are in a flourishing financial condition; at least seven are definitely bankrupt and cannot carry on without immediate assistance.

Sir Henry Sharp's room holds many secrets of the bad days on which some of our most famous cathedrals have fallen.

Neatly arranged round the room are little stacks of files. You look round the neat piles, and the names of shrines whose proud, comely towers have lorded it over half a dozen counties for seventeen hundred years catch your eye. Undo a piece of tape and you read how not only the buildings themselves are crumbling and decaying, but how the very life-blood of the foundation is drying up in the changed conditions of modern times.

It has taken over two years to collect all this information.

"Some of my Deans," said Sir Henry, "are very nervous of my files. They rather shy at them. And, oh, the trouble it was with some to get them to fill up our returns properly and tell us how they really stood! But they are getting a little better now, and are beginning to realise that we are trying to help. But you have to be very, very tactful."

It is to save the cathedrals from themselves that the Commissioners are devoting their time and labour. And it is going to be a lengthy task. On one wall of Sir Henry's room is a chart

showing the progress of the schemes of reorganisation. Over a hundred of them, which, before the Commissioners have finished their task, will be presented to Parliament, but only after the consent of numerous bodies has been obtained, and approval has been given by the Dean and Chapter, the Bishop, the Church Assembly and His Majesty's Privy Council.

The immediate question is the relief of seven cathedrals which are—to use the words of the Bishop of Derby and of Sir Henry Sharp—"actually bankrupt."

Sir Henry does not withdraw or mitigate this phrase. "I used it and use it," he said, "because it is true. How they are carrying on I don't know. Some have borrowed from the banks; some have economised to the extent of cutting down many services, cutting down their choir, and making their canons and staff live on pittance."

There are canons of cathedrals to-day living on £300 a year, and men are often worse off for accepting so-called preferment.

From practically every cathedral city comes this complaint, that clergymen to-day want small modern houses that can be economically run on a small rental. Instead of which they are forced to take over great barns with a host of bedrooms and often enormous stables. They are bound by law to keep their unwelcome dwelling in good repair.

There is one recorded case of a poor canon who spent a life of financial misery because of this obligation. He had barely and unwillingly taken over a house in an old and beautiful Close when a storm took off the roof and caused other serious damage. He spent the remaining years of his life paying off the consequent bill.

One deanery in the West Country boasts twenty-five bedrooms. Recently its occupant—not a well-paid Dean—died worn out with worry and semi-starvation. So great were the inroads made by the "house" on his income that the old man was forced to restrict himself to one dish of meat a week.

Of the seven cathedrals that cannot get along any longer without immediate assistance, Carlisle is in a most desperate plight.

Even with help from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners it will be necessary to reorganise the chapter completely, and perhaps to suppress one canonry to secure a properly balanced budget.

Shrunk tithes

CHICHESTER, with its wonderful buildings and Close, has to exist on less than £6,000 a year. Its staff is miserably underpaid, and although the Corporation of Chichester (a clerical body composed of the minor clergy) contributes something, at least another £5,000 a year is required if the cathedral is to fulfil its functions.

Lichfield is slightly better off with an income of £6,500. But Lichfield is bankrupt. Ripon has less than £7,000. Salisbury much the same.

Wells is very badly off. It has just over £8,000, but the upkeep of the fabric is a most costly business and runs away with money. A canon of Wells gets £500 a year and an expensive house, while the deanery is a regular barracks which cannot be warmed under a small fortune.

Peterborough, one of Henry VIII's foundations, is also bankrupt on £7,000 a year.

The budgets of these insolvent cathedrals have been most carefully examined by the Cathedral Commissioners and their plight has been endorsed. In some cases the canons are getting a bare £250 a year, out of which they have had, since 1926, to contribute to the Clergy Pension Fund. In nearly every case the revenue from Tithe has shrank considerably, and it has been necessary for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to make an immediate grant.

For not only are the clergy existing on the lowest possible salaries. The bankruptcy of a cathedral involves many laymen. The lay-clerks, the singing men, used to be able to live on a yearly income of from £90 to £100.

This, in the old days, was supplemented by



Sir Henry Sharp

—and the
MAN
who is
TRYING
to
SAVE THEM

singing and music lessons. But the wireless and the gramophone have put an end to all that, and the wages of these servants must now be at least doubled. Also provision must be made for pensions.

Most organists in cathedrals are Doctors of Music, and yet many of them are earning only about £150 a year. There are cases where vergers, because of "tips" during a good tourist year, have made more than a priest on the cathedral staff or an organist.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners—who administer yearly a sum of £3,371,700—expect to have to find about £180,000 to put the cathedrals on their feet to provide the minimum salaries it is thought the staffs ought to have.

Under the new régime a dean will have £1,200 a year and a canon £400. Organists will get £400 and choirs will be paid a decent living wage, while all cathedral servants will be pensionable.

The revenues of the cathedrals from investments, land, etc., will be taken over and a lump sum will be paid to the chapter, who will be expected to keep within the specified limits and to fulfil all their duties to the diocese.

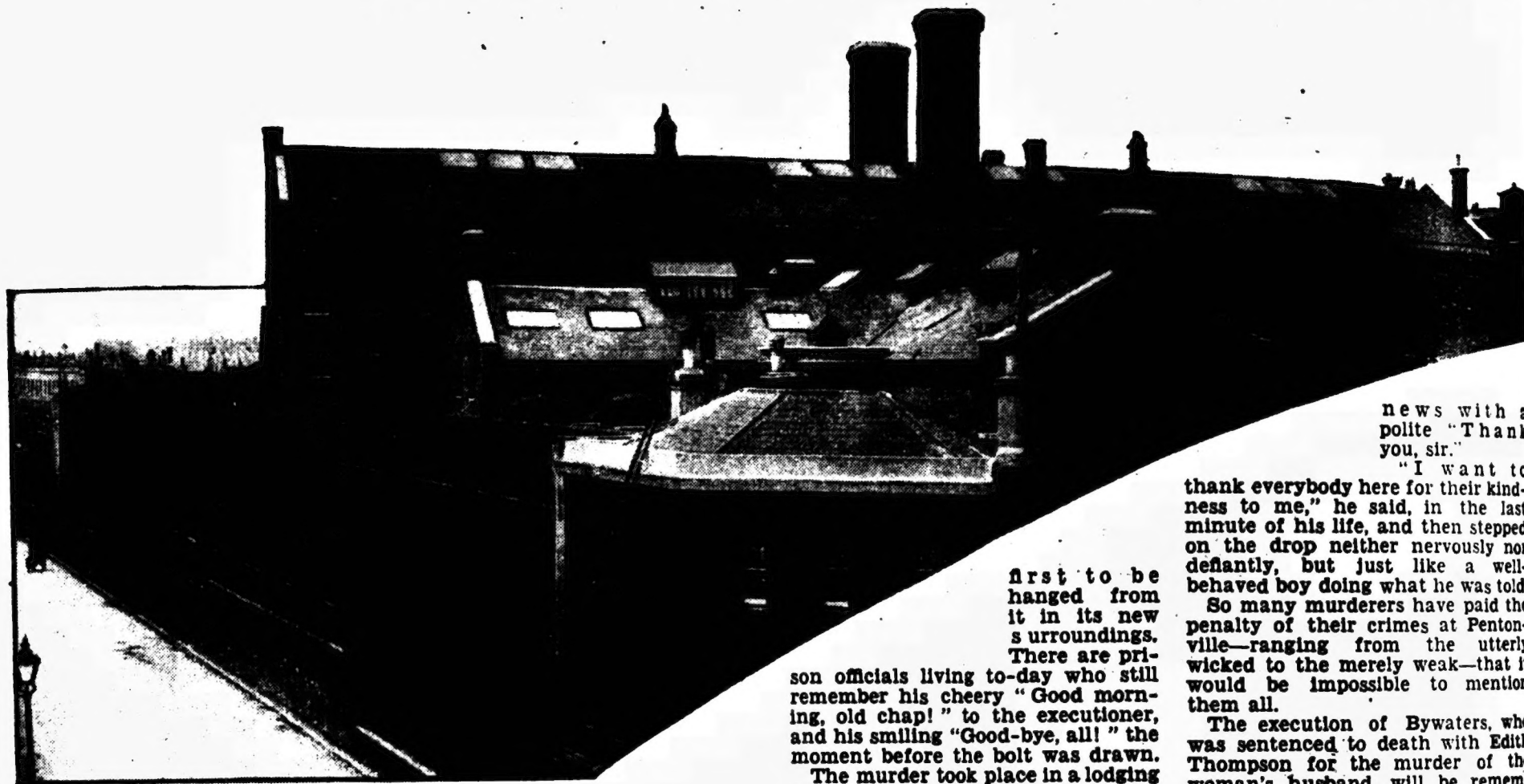
Centuries' neglect

IT is no wonder that the files in that upper room in Millbank have been collected with difficulty. For centuries our cathedral rulers have reigned supreme, flouting all outside interference, continuing in the even and undisturbed tenor of their undisturbed way. But modern conditions have now hit them hard.

The old gentlemen who climb to the fifth floor of the building in Millbank to lay their troubles before the Cathedral Commissioners feel the near approach of a new age.

Publicity applied to the doings of a cathedral chapter must be to many a dreadful thought. To others it will be but a long overdue reform—a necessary addition to the relief of much distress and the price that the cathedrals have to pay for being part of an Established Church.

PENTONVILLE— the Condemned!



PENTONVILLE—the prison with a name the whole world knows, grimmest-looking of all London's jails, and one that has had more dark chapters in its history than any of the others—is to go.

Even if the proposal to raze it to the ground to make room for a housing estate falls through—a scheme that will make iron gates give way to pergolas, barred windows to lattices, and dull-eyed captives to happy men and women—its fate is sealed.

For JOHN BULL can now divulge that even if that plan fails through, the authorities are determined to close Pentonville, offers for which were invited some time ago, as soon as better alternative accommodation is found for its 700 prisoners.

It is high time they did, for no site for a prison was ever more unsuitable than that of Pentonville. From 300 of its cell windows prisoners suffer the torture of looking down on the busy, free life of the Caledonian Road below; while from neighbouring windows ordinary citizens witness the misery of prison life.

Death screen

With the passing of Pentonville semi-public executions will come to an end.

Too long have we tolerated the scandal of the prison authorities having to erect temporary screens across the prison yard to hide from prying eyes the condemned men who have walked to the gallows. Even children have been seen with their noses innocently pressed to neighbouring windows—watching first the arrival of the sheriff and hangman, and then, as the clock chimed nine,

gazing fascinated at that screen. Thank heaven, that blot on the national conscience is to go.

Yet, while it has failed dismally to hide such things from the curiosity of the onlooker, Pentonville has probably hidden more grim secrets and tragedies than any other jail has done.

Last memory

Built in 1842 to house prisoners sentenced to transportation, it saw thousands of last farewells every year between husbands and wives, sons and mothers, fathers and children.

For multitudes of men who sailed away in the convict ships from Tilbury and Gravesend never to return—sometimes for offences that to-day seem trivial—the last memory of England was that little patch of the Caledonian Road that could be seen through a cell window.

That is Pentonville's old history—but even to-day the Thames gives us little reminders of it. At the point under Blackfriars Bridge where the Fleet river joins the Thames are found, from time to time, the old lead spoons that those wretched men sentenced to banishment used, the broad arrow and the name of the prison all but washed away by the waters that carried them first through the sewers, then down the underground Fleet and finally to the Thames.

Pentonville's modern history began in 1902. It was then, on the closing of Newgate, turned into a place of execution, among other things. The beam from which Jack Sheppard and scores of desperadoes of old were hanged at Newgate was moved there to take on a new lease of life—administering death!

A murderer named Scott was the

first to be hanged from it in its new surroundings. There are pri-

son officials living to-day who still remember his cheery "Good morning, old chap!" to the executioner, and his smiling "Good-bye, all!" the moment before the bolt was drawn. The murder took place in a lodging house.

"Scotty," as he was usually called, having earned what to him was the princely sum of thirty shillings, folded the trousers in which it was hidden with such care as to betray the fact to a soldier in the next bed.

The affair began as an ordinary fight when Scotty found, the next morning, that the soldier had got his money—and then he was crazy enough to draw a knife. A wild lunge—and a good fellow had become a murderer.

He was a supremely patient prisoner, except that he deserted the Christian views he had held and persisted in telling the chaplain: "I'll never believe God would create a man like that soldier."

Boy they hanged

Another grim secret held by those grey old walls of Pentonville relates to the only occasion when both condemned cells were occupied. Their inmates were men of vastly different types.

One, Jacoby, was the 18-years-old pantry-boy murderer of an old lady who was a guest at the hotel where he worked.

She awoke when he entered her room to steal some small thing, and terrified at her scream, he hit her on the head with the first thing to hand.

The other was Ronald True, son of a titled woman, who was later sent to Broadmoor.

Jacoby, whose execution caused a bigger outcry than any other in this generation, was the most polite prisoner Pentonville ever knew. He spent his last days thanking everybody for every small service.

In contrast with True, who jested defiantly when the prison governor told him the date of the execution, Jacoby received the same dread

news with a polite "Thank you, sir."

"I want to thank everybody here for their kindness to me," he said, in the last minute of his life, and then stepped on the drop neither nervously nor defiantly, but just like a well-behaved boy doing what he was told.

So many murderers have paid the penalty of their crimes at Pentonville—ranging from the utterly wicked to the merely weak—that it would be impossible to mention them all.

The execution of Bywaters, who was sentenced to death with Edith Thompson for the murder of the woman's husband, will be remembered by almost everybody.

Bywaters' plea

Although the letters between the pair showed that Mrs. Thompson was the prime mover, so much so that most people believe she goaded Bywaters to carry out the crime, he carried his love for her with him to his nameless grave.

He asked to see the prison governor a few minutes before the end—and then met him with a handshake.

"It is of Mrs. Thompson I want to speak to you, sir," he said. "I swear she was innocent."

"It's no good now, my boy," said the governor, pointing out that the law had already made up its mind.

Bywaters closed his eyes. "I can't bear to think of them mauling her about," he whispered. And then he went to his death, anxious only for the woman who was suffering the extreme penalty of the law at Holloway Jail, a mere stone's throw away, at the same moment.

Sir Roger Casement, the Irish renegade, condemned to death for treason during the war, met his death on the beam that hanged Jack Sheppard.

He went to the gallows with the same enigmatic smile playing about his lips as was seen when he was asked whether he had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon him.

Not until the recent death of Detective-Inspector Sandercock, of the C.I.D., did one curious act of Casement, in his last moments, become known.

He asked to see the Inspector, who had taken a prominent part in the task of bringing him to justice. Then, seizing his hand, he said: "I want to thank you for your

"FROM their cell windows the prisoners suffer the torture of looking down on the busy, free life of the street below."



—GRIM SECRETS of our WORST PRISON



He thanked the man who brought him to the gallows—Sir Roger Casement

Sheriff's authority to execute any sentence of death at "any prison within their jurisdiction."

The history of Pentonville shows that men doomed to suffer the extreme penalty of the law are not always the most tragic figures in a prison.

There was the young doctor imprisoned there who, just when he had built up a successful practice, had been visited by the girl who had spurned his love. "You once told me you would die for me," she said. "I am in trouble that would kill my father. If you don't help me I shall go from here to the river."

He stole "inside"!

He risked his growing practice—his whole career—to give her that "help." She died. And so he had to rub shoulders with the best and the worst of them at Pentonville.

There was the pickpocket who was trying hard to be good, and might have succeeded if he had not been tempted to steal the governor's gold watch and chain because that official displayed it so invitingly when on visiting rounds!

Yet another strange inmate—Pentonville saw him all too often—was an old man who simply couldn't help stealing, although there was a lot of good in him.

When out of jail he used to delight in meeting the governor of the prison, then Captain Johnson, and walking down the Caledonian Road with him. Knowing what good points there were in the man's character, the Captain couldn't find it in his heart to order him away.

One day the old man failed to see the governor on his morning walk. Anxiously he enquired at the forbidding old gates as to the governor's health, and learned that he was ill.

Later in the day he arrived with a parcel of the kind of delicacies for invalids sold only by chemists. It was a warm-hearted gesture that nevertheless lost a great deal in generosity when it was discovered, just in time, that they had been

stolen by the simple expedient of throwing pepper in the eyes of the chemist's assistant.

A drab, uncomfortable, out-of-date prison. Pentonville! And yet one preferred by many old "lags." Its officers have always been humane. It has been free with concessions for those prepared to work for them. And sometimes it has turned a blind eye to prison offences, preferring not to see them to smashing a good prisoner's prison record too lightly.

Only a few weeks ago a prisoner was let out on licence to visit the bedside of his dying child. On his return the governor kept by the 'phone continually, so that he could take whatever news came to the man's cell without delay.

Second thoughts

When news did come it was bad news. The baby was dead.

The authorities at Pentonville are always prepared to give such concessions if it is safe to do so; but it is not without risk, as they once found to their cost.

A prisoner, given twenty-four hours' leave of absence to visit his sick mother, turned up two hours before the time was up. And so, when he asked if he could go out again for that two hours, as if in an after-thought, they allowed him to do so. After all, he only wanted to go to the corner to wish his brother

good-bye—and if he wanted to escape, surely he would have done so earlier in the day.

The twenty-four hours ended with that man still missing. So did that week, that month, that year. He never turned up again. And a kindly governor received a snub from the Home Office for his trustfulness.

Wrong sermon

What better tribute to the staff of a jail could you have than the fact that in Pentonville's long history there have been more attacks by prisoners on fellow-prisoners than on warders!

Once only was there anything in the nature of an organised disturbance. There was a roar of anger during a sermon preached by a visiting clergyman, and all the available prison officials had to be rallied to the spot in case of mutiny.

But it was not against the prison authorities. It was because the prisoners—quite without reason—thought the sermon reflected on them as a particular type, instead of accepting the inmates of jails as ordinary men who have made mistakes.

No, if Pentonville were a place fit for souls that want saving, a place where their shame and misery could be hidden from prying eyes, there would be no need to pull it down.

As it is, it must go—as a scandal that can no longer be tolerated.

The Human Machine

TAKE A CHANCE!

As a motto for a motorist or for a pedestrian crossing a busy street, "Safety First" is an admirable slogan. As a motto for anyone planning a journey through life it is rotten. It is a slogan for nothing except innate laziness. Listen!

"There are three tame ducks in our backyard,

Dabbling in mud and trying hard To get their share, and maybe more

Of the overflowing barnyard store. Satisfied with the task they're at, Of eating and sleeping and getting fat.

But whenever the free, wild ducks go by,

In a long line, streaming down the sky,

They cock a quizzical, puzzled eye,

And flap their wings and try to fly.

And nothing is more certain than that if you're content with the state you're in you're not a man. You're a tame old duck!

The life story of every successful man the world has ever known is just a record of chances taken and risks run. Each milestone reached was not the end of a mile, but the beginning of the next.

Caution—yes. To jump blindly is just rash folly. But what possible excuse is there for an ambitious man who, seeing an opportunity which he knows to be an opportunity, still hesitates to take a chance?

There's nothing like keeping an ideal in front of you that seems just out of reach. That is the real secret of the divine urge of ambition. You may never attain it, but you will assuredly get further than the man who keeps his eyes on the ground.

I think my soul is a tame old duck,

Dabbling around in barnyard muck,

Fat and lazy, with useless wings, But sometimes, when the North wind sings,

And the wild ones hurtle overhead,

It remembers something lost and dead

And cocks a wary, bewildered eye, And makes a feeble attempt to fly.

It's fairly content with the state it's in,

But it isn't the duck it might have been!"

unfailing courtesy, manliness and kindness."

Why Pentonville should have been the scene of Casement's end has always been a puzzle to most people. The reason is a curious one.

In passing an Act to abolish public executions, our legislators omitted to include execution for treason, and there was a genuine possibility of a public execution, with all the attendant horrors that accompanied hangings at Tyburn, before someone found that another Act of 1887 gave

PARK DRIVE

*for
pleasure!*

GALLAGHER'S
PARK DRIVE

4⁰ CIGARETTE

THE LEADING QUALITY

PLAIN OR CORK TIP • ALSO IN CARTONS OF FIVE



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The NEW White Scourge

THE decision of the Medical Research Council to set up a committee of experts to institute constructive research into the causes and treatment of mental disorder is as welcome as it is belated. Nothing is more deplorable in our public life than the apathy which exists on this vital subject.

In matters of physical health we are alert and active enough. We have fought smallpox, which was the terror of our forefathers, and have conquered it so completely that it has ceased to figure in our mortality returns. We have banished plague. We have almost obliterated scarlet fever and enteric fever. Measles and diphtheria claim only one victim to-day where they claimed three a generation ago.

The most dreaded of all the plagues of Victorian England, tuberculosis, is visibly in flight. Fifty years ago it slew annually nearly 3,000 out of every million of the population. In the latest returns before me it is responsible for only 869 deaths per million of the population.

In only one case, that of cancer, has the battle waged against disease failed. And that is not because of apathy. Medical science is ceaseless in the struggle against it, and no appeal for financial support finds the public more generous in response.

But the much more tragic case of the mentally disturbed arouses none of this eager concern. There is a "hush-hush" attitude towards it, very much like that which used to be adopted in sex matters.

Neurasthenic age

If there is a "mental" case in the family it is treated as if it were a skeleton in the cupboard. Kind old ladies, who leave pots of money to cats' homes and dogs' homes, the R.S.P.C.C. and hospitals for this, that, and the other, never endow institutions for mental research or treatment, probably because they fear that the fact would reflect on the sanity of their own family.

The result of this apathy and reticence is lamentable. It is revealed in the fact that, while the past fifty years have witnessed a succession of astonishing victories by science over physical disorders, there has been no similar progress in dealing with mental disorders.

Indeed, judging by the figures, the movement has been in the other direction. In 1880 the proportion of deranged people was 81.6 per 100,000 of the population. By 1920 it had risen to 220 per 100,000. In the same period, while the population had increased 110 per cent, the number of patients in mental institutions had increased 468 per cent.

I do not suppose that these figures are as bad as they look. If they were we should be in a very alarming way. Mental disorders have not trebled or quadrupled.

What has happened in the interval is that mental cases have come much more under supervision. The village idiots, who used to be such familiar figures forty or fifty years ago, are segregated, and many of the weak-minded who escaped registration in the past now

appear in the statistics.

But, leaving aside the congenitally afflicted, there can be little doubt that there has been a grave increase in recent years in those disorders which border on what is known as "mental cases." This is the Neurasthenic Age.

Nervous disorders are not, of course, a new phenomenon. They are as old as the nervous system itself. It is possible that Noah had neurasthenic headaches in the Ark, and the fact that our ancestors never complained of "nerves" only means that medical science had not discovered what was the matter with them. Robert Burton wrote a vast book on the "Anatomy of Melancholy." If he had written it to-day he would have called it the "Anatomy of Neurasthenia."

But though nervous disorders are as old as humanity, there has probably been no period in history when they have been so widespread as they are to-day. And this for obvious reasons. The speed and complexities of modern life put a strain on the nervous system that was not experienced in days when the world wagged at a more sedate pace. Within the lifetime of some of those still living the balance of the population has shifted from the country to the towns. Up to the middle of last century we were a predominantly rural people: to-day four-fifths of us are herded in towns. And no one can doubt that urban life, with its ceaseless

unrest, puts a greater strain on the nervous system than the life of the country.

Moreover, modern machine industry, with its intolerable monotony, creates a condition of nervous revulsion altogether unlike the healthy weariness of field labour or of the creative craftsmanship of the old-time artisan. Anyone who studies the statistics of industrial fatigue will understand how large a part the machine plays in making this the Neurasthenic Age.

Then, although it is true that this generation is better fed than any in the past, it may be doubted whether dietary is not at the root of many of our nervous disorders. Food was less plentiful in other days; but it was simpler and purer. Our fathers knew what they were eating: we with our tinned meats and tinned fish and preserved fruits never know.

Our change of diet is reflected in our teeth. Primitive man, as the skulls he has left behind show, kept his teeth in his head and the shape of jaw unshrunk, but our teeth decay like



Professor E. D. Adrian is at the head of the committee which is to conduct researches into the causes and treatment of mental disorders

by
A.G. Gardiner

maggot-eaten fruit, and our jaws have shrunk so that there is rarely space for the teeth they have to carry. And it can hardly be supposed that a dietary which is fatal to our teeth is harmless to our nervous systems.

But the main cause of this Neurasthenic Age is the catastrophic and demented world into which the present generation has been born. We who knew the world before the War had a sense of security and permanence that has utterly gone. There was solid ground beneath our feet and landmarks to guide us on our way. But the War and the aftermath of the War have shattered the whole pattern and structure of life. Faiths which held society together like a cement have become discredited, and doctrines which seemed as unchallengeable as the Decalogue have been thrown on the dustheap.

Revolution wanted

In the midst of the wreckage of the old civilisation the new generation stands perplexed and orphaned, and not seldom wanting a job as well as a philosophy of life. It is not to be wondered at that the anxieties and uncertainties of such a time of upheaval should get on the nerves of people and contribute to the mental unrest and disturbance which is so characteristic of our day.

It is from these conditions that the menace comes. And it is against this menace that medical science and the public must wage war. We must get rid alike of the frame of mind that treats mental trouble as if it were a secret sin, and of the notion so largely entertained that it is a sort of congenital affliction beyond cure. In some cases it is. In most it is a merely temporary disturbance of equilibrium, due to quite specific causes—anxiety, teeth, gland troubles, and so on—and as curable as ordinary physical ailments.

And it should be dealt with in the same practical and realistic way. It is not so dealt with at present under our rigid isolation system.

We need a revolution in our handling of this great matter; but the first essential is to shed the most searching daylight upon these mysteries of the human mind and spirit. And the appointment of the Medical Research Commission is the first step in the execution of that urgent task.

Not from the B.B.C.—Dame Fashion's Lesser Half on—

OF all the men who've lived on earth—
From Surbiton to Slam—
Since first this globe began to spin,

I don't know one who's quite so insignificant as I am!

The limelight of publicity
My forehead never kisses;
My name in print is never found,
But shoals of pressmen come around
To interview the missus!

Of manly pride and vanity
I'm not allowed my ration;
I am a worm, less than the dust,
My name is Mud—for I am just
The husband of Dame Fashion!

I am so used to being treated as of no more importance than a bridegroom at a wedding that I felt overwhelmed when told that, as my spouse was busy designing springtime aids to bankruptcy, a few remarks from me might be tolerated.

Regarding the new spring fashions, I know no more than my (unfortunately) better half has already confided to the Press—namely, that skirts are to be tighter and trousers shorter.

In speaking of trousers, I refer, of course, to the stolen property toward which the female of the species has

played the part of receiver. Full-length bags, it appears, are now démodé and are to be replaced by long "shorts," designed to end in bell-bottomed style six inches below the knee.

The general effect, I imagine, will suggest a boy of the bulldog breed who has rolled up his pants before awabbing the deck. Presumably, it is to mitigate this painful suggestion of Honest Toil that my (more or less) esteemed spouse has decreed that with this outfit it will be essential to cultivate hunched shoulders and a long, slow, slouching stride.

But as the new tight skirts call for a painful hobble, it looks as if the suiting of the walk to the wear may lead to complications. The female who remembers to turn two mincing steps into a manly stride by day and forgets to mince matters in the evening, may suffer in her self-esteem—and other vulnerable spots.

But I do not doubt that the average woman will gladly take all necessary steps (and strides) to master this new leg theory. For I find that what my (extremely) dear old Dutch says invariably "goes":—

Female Jay-Walkers

O woman, in your hours of ease
(If any) who desire to please

The autocrats of fashion:
To watch your step you now must learn,
To suit the dresses that you yearn
To spend your husband's cash on!

The tighter skirts for ev'ning wear
Demand that you be taught with care,
As though in chains, to hobble;
For you cannot at once expect
To move with grace and keep erect—
To walk, and not to wobble!

But when from skirts to shorts you change,
Another walk you must arrange—
A slouch, as though your sockets
Were too big for your joints, a stroll
Suggestive of a sailor's roll—
With hands deep in your pockets.

If ev'ry day you practise these,
You'll learn, at last, to step with ease
Where formerly you faltered;
And by the time you find you can
Mince like a babe, stride like a man—
The fashions will have altered!

LAST NIGHT'S BOURN-VITA IS HELPING HIM NOW!



"Bourn-vita is indeed great stuff!—giving energy for the day and calm long sleep at night" writes Mr. L. W.

This extract from a letter received by Cadbury's expresses briefly the general opinion of the thousands who drink Bourn-vita. Every day the soothing and invigorating properties of Bourn-vita are becoming more widely recognised. Everywhere men and women are learning to look to Bourn-vita for healthier sleep, for sounder nerves, and for new energy for the day's work.

Bourn-vita can help YOU—Yes, in all you have to do. Start drinking it to-night and note the difference. Good sleep at night, more energy by day, will soon make lighter work for you of *everything*.

Bourn-vita is the last word in modern food drinks—the outcome of Cadbury's century of experience as food-drink specialists and of the latest discoveries in dietetics. It is perfect nourishment, most rapidly assimilated, and a great aid towards good digestion.

Cadbury's

½ lb. 9d., ½ lb. 1/5, 1 lb. 2/9

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BOURN-VITA

FOR SLEEP AND ENERGY



THE GREAT SUCCESS OF BOURN-VITA

in aiding sleep and increasing energy is due to the high quality of the ingredients and to the help it is able to give the digestion because of its rich content of MALT DIASTASE.

This diastase in Bourn-vita remains helpfully active under all ordinary digestive conditions.★



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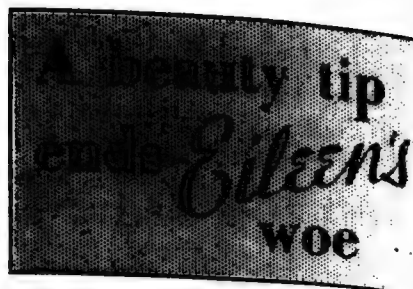
SIGHT IS RIGHT

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None may use it who are not Fellows, qualified by examination, of the British Optical Association or the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers.

Issued by the NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR THE PRESERVATION OF SIGHT

YOU OWE IT TO YOUR EYES



SATURDAY



YOU POOR DEAR, I'LL SOON PUT THAT RIGHT IT'S AS EASY AS A B C TO KEEP YOUR HANDS LIKE MINE. COME TO TEA TOMORROW AND I'LL SHOW YOU.



SUNDAY

HERE YOU ARE, EILEEN THE GREAT HAND SECRET—JUST A LITTLE RUBBED IN EVERY NIGHT—'VASELINE' JELLY—ONLY 4" AND LASTS FOR MONTHS. IT WILL SOFTEN THEM OVERNIGHT EVEN..



MONDAY



"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly shuts out infection from cuts, burns and abrasions. Doctors agree it is a perfect protection. Apply it after cleansing the injury. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, N.W.10.



Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

You RETIRE, but Your Work will ENDURE

MY DEAR WILL,—So you are retiring. After forty-four years with the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, you want a rest. Well, you have earned it.

You worked in a gasworks at Saltley when you were thirteen, and so it was that you founded the Gas Workers' Union, afterwards merged in the union which you are now ceasing to lead.

Black-coated workers should remember a speech you made recently in the House of Commons. You pleaded for workers in offices. You introduced a Bill—which the other side talked out—to regulate the conditions of their work. You told how thousands of them work in underground cellars, badly lighted, badly ventilated.

"It is impossible for me to use grammatical language," you said. "But I am not concerned about the language. I am concerned with the facts."

After all, you started work in Birmingham when you were six years old. The only school you ever went to was the school of bitter experience, in which you learned the lesson that until the workers all unite to insist on better conditions for themselves, clerks will have to work in dungeons, many of them infested with rats.

I have shared a public platform with you. I know how the earnestness of your appeal for humanity sounds all the more sincere because it is not expressed in the language of the public school. You use the language of our common humanity.

Nearly one-fourth of the people employed in offices die of consumption and pulmonary diseases, although the M.P.s who opposed you do not seem to mind. They put up the same arguments that were used against the Factory Acts, a century ago.

Factories have been transformed because of legislation. Offices go on, just as they were.

Well, things were even worse when you were a boy. It is well to remind people, to show them the conditions from which Democracy, by its persistence, strove in the past to make things better for the present generation.

Your widowed mother had to sew hooks and eyes on cards, when you were a boy, for three ha'pence a gross!

Each card took twelve hooks and twelve eyes. And yet she was only paid three ha'pence for a gross of the cards—and, out of the three ha'pence, she had to pay for her needles and thread!

No wonder you soon realised what sweated labour was. No wonder they called you "the bad boy of the House of Commons" when you went there. No wonder they accused you of being violent and aggressive.

"Perhaps I was," you said. "I am only human."

Well, you were human because of the greatness of your soul. For Society had never given you a chance.

When you were only six, and you had to turn a wheel, twelve hours a day, for a rope-spinner, you were paid only 2s. 6d. a week! Even when you lathered customers in a barber's shop, on Saturdays and Sundays, that brought your income up to only 3s. 6d.!



That was a nice life for an ill-fed child of six!

Thousands of children were enduring things like that, when you were young. They endured it. You struck; yes, even as a tiny boy. Your employer tried to reduce your wages. And you would not stand for it.

Well, we are getting a mighty army

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to WILL THORNE

now, aren't we? We include not only working men who want to raise their class from conditions of slavery more and more. The army of protest now includes teachers and doctors, scientists and clergymen; yes, and some of the best employers.

It is easier now than it was when, seventy years ago, you began your struggle.

Thirty years before, the Tolpuddle Martyrs had been transported to Australia in chains for daring to protest against farm conditions which were those of slavery.

* * *

Those of us who had a better chance than you had, but who have come into your movement by an easier way, owe you and the rest of the pioneers a debt that we can never repay. But for you and your kind we might never have seen the light.

Without education, you had to educate. Without a shilling to call your own, you had to gain supporters. Some of you went to prison for your opinions. Thousands of you were victimised. Yet you went on, in the big cities and in obscure places.

"Slavery is abolished," the British Empire boasted. It was talking of negroes, who, overseas, had been bought and sold. But slavery in England still went on. There were no chains and there was no whip. But there was economic pressure. There were laws that made public meetings difficult. There was social ostracism.

You may be retiring as a union organiser, my dear Will, but your work will remain.

To-day, your Union has 300,000 members. It is a power. It owes you more than it can ever repay. So do millions of working people all over the world..

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

LORD MOYNIHAN,
Leeds

DEAR SIR,—As a toast at a luncheon at Drottwich, you proposed "Damnation to Rheumatism," and everybody will be with you in this.

But it is high time something was done by the medical powers—that be to dam the spate of so-called rheumatism cures put out by quacks, and which serve only the purpose of relieving people of their hard-earned money; for it is the poorer classes who invariably respond to the blandishments of the quacks.

Perhaps you will take a lead in this respect?

JOHN BULL.

SIR B. N. MITRA,
High Commissioner for India

DEAR SIR,—The other day a London hotel—run by a Swiss—ordered a number of Indian students to leave because of their nationality.

I am glad you are taking the matter up. I have long protested against the "colour bar" that is still so much in evidence in London; I know that the great majority of the public want to see an end to such stupid and bitter discriminations.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM REDDINGTON,
Limer Street, Manchester

DEAR WILL,—Out of work at fourteen, you saw £100—most of it in Treasury notes—in the gutter.

You promptly took it to the police station and have been rewarded with £5 and a new suit.

Now I hope that nice suit will get you the nice job you deserve.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MABEL ADAMS,
New Malden, Surrey

MADAM,—When you applied for a maintenance order you admitted that you only wanted your husband home at week-ends and refused to let him smoke in the house.

I presume, however, that you wanted him to pay all the household expenses.

Only you could have been surprised that the magistrates thought the bargain one-sided and dismissed your application. I marvel at your audacity in bringing it, and I'm wondering why you married at all.

JOHN BULL.

LORD HALIFAX,
Minister of Education

DEAR LORD HALIFAX,—So you have given a half-promise to repair or replace some of the blacklisted schools this year.

I suppose a half-promise is better than none, but I want to see every one of the hundreds of rotten schools swept away.

There's no economy in planting the seeds of disease in the children who are to be the parents of the next generation.

JOHN BULL.

The DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT,
Badminton, Gloucestershire

YOUR GRACE,—You "take off your coat, pull up your sleeves and go for it," I'm told, and I wish others in your position did the same.

Patron of the Dockland Settlement, Bristol, you persuaded the citizens to provide 130,000 "halfpenny meals" last winter for the poor.

Now, in their gratitude, the unemployed have made a presentation to you. Carry on the good work!

JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Ripon

SLEEPY ONES,—Exploiting your civic position for your own gain and "privileged pilfering" were the charges made against you by a newly elected councillor.

It is alleged that an alderman had a house built for him by a councillor near a public footpath, and that the footpath was enclosed and added to the alderman's garden.

Well, that was last November, but you

are still putting off your decision. Are you hoping that the matter will be forgotten?

JOHN BULL.

THE WATCH COMMITTEE,
Stoke-on-Trent

GENTLEMEN,—It's good to know you are considering replacing Burslem police station, which is in danger of falling down owing to underground mining.

But as it was condemned twelve years ago, I'm wondering why you haven't got past the considering stage.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GERALD D. RUSHTON,
Broughton Hackett, Worcs.

BOOS,—I had no motive except sensationalism," you said when charged with lying to the police that articles worth £20 had been stolen from your car.

You added that your idea was to play a joke on the police.

Well, your prank cost you £35; so the joke is on you. I hope you are feeling the point of it acutely.

JOHN BULL.

DEAN OF YORK: You were annoyed because 581 pennies were in the church plate. Ever heard of widow's mite?—

JOHN BULL.

M. GEORGES CARPENTIER,
London

DEAR GEORGES,—I'm glad to see you again in London after so many years. I remember you as a hard-fisted, clean fighter whom it was a treat to see in the ring.

The public will welcome you in the exhibition bouts that are being staged for you, but I hope you do not intend to take up the game seriously again.

In boxing, at least, a man is "too old at forty."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM T. BURNETT,
Dagenham, Essex

DEAR SIR,—You appear to be the victim of a shameful injustice.

An L.C.C. employee, you were charged with the manslaughter of a fellow-worker, but the case was dismissed because it was proved that the other man was the aggressor. Yet you lost your job in consequence.

"Very hard," said the coroner. I agree and demand your reinstatement.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P.: Your advice to housewives on how to cook herrings brought you letters of abuse and offers of marriage. As bachelor of thirty-four, you probably deserved both.—JOHN BULL.

TERENCE NEILL,
Manchester Prison

NEILL,—It was as mean a trick as can be imagined that has earned you three months' imprisonment.

For you abused the trust of a clergyman, who paid for your lodgings and gave you a cheque for your education when you left prison for a previous offence, by trying to put the money to your personal use.

Such people as you dry up the wells of human kindness for better people than yourself.

JOHN BULL.

Signor BENITO MUSSOLINI,
Rome

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—Quite rightly, you want the world to know that an Italian airman has captured the world's height record for aeroplanes.

And I want the world to know that it was accomplished with a wonderful new British engine.

JOHN BULL.



DORIS LONG
says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a really
satisfactory skin soap."



JOAN GARDNER
finds it keeps her skin "so vel-
vety smooth, clear—lovely."



MOLLY LAMONT
uses Lux Toilet Soap "because it
is such a splendid beauty care."



DIANA NAPIER
says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my
skin just as I like it."

in the studio...

**846
BRITISH AND
HOLLYWOOD
STARS USE
LUX TOILET
SOAP!**

at home...



TL 566-93-48

MIRIAM HOPKINS (Paramount) says: "Lux
Toilet Soap is our official beauty soap. It keeps skin
always sofly smooth, and youthfully fresh."

NIGHT and day, for years, Elstree and
Hollywood have been proving to
millions of women that Lux Toilet Soap
keeps skin flawlessly clear, smooth and
youthfully attractive. Actually 846 of the
leading 857 stars use this one soap.

Miriam Hopkins says: "I find that the
regular use of Lux Toilet Soap keeps my
skin in perfect condition... always smooth,
clear, and youthful." That is her reason...
and the reason of the other stars... for de-
claring it the one *official* beauty soap in all
great studios!

Make Lux Toilet Soap *your* official beauty
soap. Have the skin loveliness that wins and
holds hearts! Smooth, youthful skin is just as
necessary to *you* as to the most famous stars
... Use Lux Toilet Soap — regularly.

Lux Toilet Soap costs no more than ordinary
soap — yet does so much! Even in the hardest
water it gives a quick, rich lather which thoroughly cleanses the
pores of the skin. A pure-white tablet — daintily wrapped — a
delicate perfume. Buy Lux Toilet Soap from your grocer or
dealer. It is splendid for the bath and shampoo as well.

LUX TOILET SOAP 3^d a tablet

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

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KIDNAPPED GIRL

OUTRAGE

—Spirited
away to
Asylum



Miss Jones—a
snapshot taken in
the asylum grounds

TO a miner's cottage in Blaenavon, South Wales, there comes every week a letter with a message so piteous that the old couple to

whom it is addressed are stricken when they read it.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Jones, of Elgam Avenue, and the cry of anguish and appeal which reaches them so regularly is from their 23-year-old daughter Ivy.

Miss Jones, although healthy and sane, has been a prisoner in an asylum in Nottinghamshire for seven years.

Her jailers are the Board of Lunacy Control, the most powerful and despotic body in the land, which makes captives where and anyhow it can, and never releases them until compelled.

Every week for those seven years the young woman has besought her aged parents to get her free from the clutches of this terrible Board. Her suffering must be almost beyond endurance.

The letters in which she begs for succour and deliverance are in words of desolation and despair that portray an agony which is ceaseless and intense.

But Mr. and Mrs. Jones can do nothing. Their daughter was stolen from them, virtually kidnapped, in circumstances so scandalous as to be almost incredible.

They cannot even go to comfort her except at very long intervals. The Board of Control always imprisons its victims as far as possible away from their homes and kith and kin.

If brutal, it is certainly a successful policy in so far that it manufactures lunacy—the torture of utter isolation drives the sane people in asylums really mad so that at last a legitimate excuse is available to detain them for life.

Hushed up

It would cost Mr. and Mrs. Jones more than £3 to travel to the other side of England to give solace to their daughter. An out-of-work miner cannot make a journey of that kind often.

They have done their best on her behalf by pleading humbly, even abjectly, to the Board of Control to restore her to home and freedom. Always they have had only a cold, blunt refusal.

They have begged that she should at least be brought to one of the many institutions near her home so that those to whom she belongs may have access to her and bring some pleasure and peace into her life. As in countless other cases, even these requests have been spurned by the soul-less Board of Control.

The truth is that Ivy Jones was put away in an asylum to hush up a grievous scandal which, if it had become known at the time, would have shed light upon an ugly public institution and inevitably caused a number of officials to lose their posts. This hideous fact is, doubtless, unknown even to the Board of Control to this day.

There is no doubt whatever that the doctor who was induced to sign her into captivity was deceived by those who conceived the cruel device of

having Miss Jones shut away in a distant asylum to save their skins.

There is every reason to state also that even the doctors at the place where she is now a prisoner have no knowledge of the extraordinary manner in which she was declared to be mentally deficient.

Seven years ago, when she was sixteen, Ivy Jones was a splendid specimen of girlhood, with high physical endowment.

The attack

From infancy her playground had been the steep hills of Monmouthshire that encircle Blaenavon, and she was both fleet of foot and of great muscular power.

Her strength was such that when poor neighbours required coal she thought nothing of carrying a hundredweight of it on her back to them across the hillside from the pit half a mile away.

One night in the dark she was molested by two young men on the hill-road when returning to her home.

Miss Jones dealt swiftly with the situation. She clenched her fists and counter-attacked her assailants. Both of them took to their heels. One, it was afterwards found, bore discoloured eyes.

The incident, however, with its first shock, had a natural reaction upon the girl's sensitive mind. After successfully defending herself she became faint, and for some days seemed to show signs of a possible breakdown in health.

Her parents sought advice, and it was recommended that they should send her for a brief period to an infirmary so that she might recover her vigour by proper care and nursing in the quietude of a hospital ward.

They consented to this course. Ivy's mother on an early visit to her daughter was astonished when told at the gates of the institution that it would not be possible to see her.

Mrs. Jones' suspicions were aroused, and she found them justified when she confronted some officials who refused to

offer any explanation of the refusal to admit her.

The mother practically forced her way into the place, and, under threat of summoning the police to investigate, demanded to have her daughter produced. The threat caused obvious alarm, and, after a consultation among themselves, the officials announced that Ivy would be brought to her.

Mrs. Jones was aghast when Ivy was assisted into the waiting-room. She was no longer the stalwart, upright girl who had gone out from her home so recently.

She tottered forward to her mother, obviously suffering acute pain. She was bent completely double—from an injury to the spine—and when she unrolled the blanket which wrapped her, it was to reveal her body covered with ugly bruises, parts of her flesh scorched by burning, and the skin of her arms and wrists lacerated by finger-nails.

Quietly, but under the stress of great pain, the girl told her story in the presence of the officials.

When she entered the institution, Ivy said, she was placed not in the hospital ward, but in the workhouse lunacy ward among a crowd of demented women.

She was allowed no rest, but every day from morning to night was made to polish floors and tables. When the work was done once, she was ordered to do it over and over again to "keep her busy."

She protested to two women attendants against having to associate with and sleep among insane people and against having to perform futile tasks instead of receiving the attention which she required.

The attendants seized and punched her. Ivy struggled to get free, but another woman in charge of the attendants joined in and overpowered her.

While she was still endeavouring to break away, a male official entered and felled her with a blow which rendered her unconscious.

Vanished . .

In the struggle or fall her body had been in contact with the hot-water pipes. She awakened to find herself being doused with water by the man who struck the final blow and unable to walk because of the injury to her spine.

Miss Jones has never fully recovered from this injury.

Even to-day she has still to carry herself with a stoop.

The senior official of the institution, who was present when these terrible accusations were made, asked Mrs. Jones to allow her daughter to remain four more days in the institution so that she

could have necessary medical care and supervision.

The mother had no choice but to agree. Ivy's condition was too serious for her to be removed home at once.

Let it be said that there is not the slightest doubt that the girl's version of the assault was true in every particular.

This institution had a notorious reputation for evil happenings inside its walls until eighteen months ago, when some of its dark secrets were revealed and the superintendent was compelled to resign on the ground that he was not a fit and proper person to administer the place.

His wife, who was the matron, also relinquished her post.

Unfortunately, they were at the height of their power when Ivy Jones was under their care seven years ago.

Four days after the discovery of the maltreatment of the girl, Mrs. Jones went to the institution with some friends to receive back her daughter, as had been arranged.

The girl had vanished! She had been literally spirited away!

All information as to what had happened or as to her whereabouts was refused to the mother. She was told that she would "know everything" in a few days.

A week passed before the agonised parents learned anything.

The first news of their daughter then came in a frantic letter from her, informing them that, with the greatest secrecy, she had been smuggled away from South Wales and was now a prisoner at the Rampton State Institution in distant Nottinghamshire!

The Rampton Institution is Britain's worst asylum. It was built as a criminal lunatic establishment, and it houses the lowest type of young maniacs, perverts, and homicidal cases.

Seven years . .

Young Ivy Jones had been consigned to this awful place and company by the machinations of those who maimed her so that the cloak of silence would cover the outrage committed upon her.

And there she has remained a captive for seven years, her only communication with the outside world being the weekly letters in which she prays to be helped back to freedom.

Yet she is so sane that in her prison she is made to operate a knitting machine with eighty needles, and is required to make seven pairs of women's stockings every day.

In the evenings she is allowed to attend dances—and her dance partners are often the asylum doctors!

If the Board of Control does not speedily liberate this young woman, the Minister of Health must expect to meet a demand for Parliamentary investigation.

WORTH HURRYING FOR!

GREAT enthusiasm has been aroused by the announcement last week of JOHN BULL's wonderful Gift of a 1934 "Ensign" Camera to every one of its readers. One of the most widely appreciated privileges in this remarkable Camera Gift is JOHN BULL's special "friend's" concession. Readers are not only asked to accept a camera for themselves, but are also invited to secure one for a friend.

The special Reservation Forms are again published on pages 4 and 5 of this issue. If you have not yet applied, do so without delay.

Think of the fine "snaps" you can take this summer with this efficient "Ensign." Happy pictures of the kiddies, sparkling "snaps" of wonderful views you will come across on your holidays, amusing incidents at the seaside.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 now. Find your friend as soon as possible and make certain of your cameras by getting the Reservation Forms filled in and posted at once. This offer is open to the first 100,000 applicants only. If you have not already applied, you have no time to lose.

Tidy his hair
with a
**SCRUBBING
BRUSH?**



Yet to use a scrubbing brush for parting one's hair is no more futile than to shave with household soap. Plenty of men still do; not every day though—it's too painful. Think they're saving money. But the mere sixpence you pay for a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick brings you a hundred shaves. They are shaves too—as close and comfortable as a man could wish for. The cool, creamy



lather which Lever's Easy gives enables you to enjoy a perfect shave every day—the kind of shave that helps you to present an always smart appearance. Try a Lever's Easy and see for yourself. You'll never go back to household soap after that; never even dream of skipping your daily shave. Put Lever's Easy on the list of things to get from the grocer's.

A LEVER PRODUCT

100 SHAVES FOR 6"

E 233-172-55

Just a minute, please!

You're bound to find something of interest or value in the 'John Bull Shop Window' on pages 2 and 3. Turn to them Now!

**SMASH
INFLUENZA**
WITH
PHOSFERINE

**All other remedies failed,
Phosferine succeeded in a few hours**

"THE QUICKEST REMEDY"

Mrs. E. M. SCOTT "My husband and myself have just got over an attack of Influenza, and have found a quick pick-me-up in Phosferine. Of all tonics I have tried, I have found

Phosferine the quickest acting. It is certainly a wonderful tonic at any time, and in winter especially, when treacherous weather finds any weak spot in us, Phosferine gives the additional vitality to resist attack successfully. One feels the benefit of Phosferine in a few hours. For these off-colour days which we all have at times, there is nothing like Phosferine; it not only saves many bills, but much valuable time. Phosferine is also to be depended on for help in feminine weakness. I have suffered less periodical pains since taking Phosferine than for years. I have taken a great many aspirin tablets for headache, etc., but have now found Phosferine much better, and recommend my friends to take it instead of aspirin."

Mrs. E. M. Scott, 68, Edward Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND PHOSFERINE which is most revitalising at all times to everyone's system at all ages, and is especially suitable for those who must avoid aspirin. There is no aspirin in Phosferine, which contains exactly the right essentials to ensure perfect digestion and correct blood pressure.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

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Brain Fag	Indigestion	Nerve Shock	Sciatica	Anæmia

From Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. **Tablets and Liquid.**

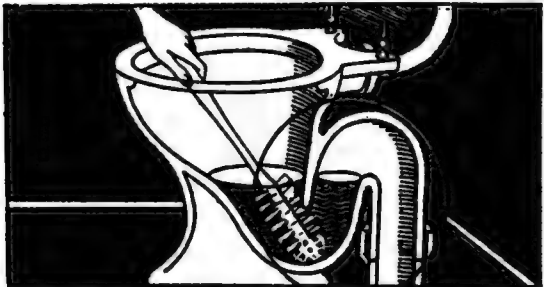
The 3/- is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

PHOSFERINE TONIO WINE is a very pleasant medicated Wine of highest quality. It is specially valuable during convalescence, after influenza, or other illness. 3/9 large bottle.

**Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements
in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it!**

The Guarantee appears on Page 43.

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WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO CRITICISE"**



"THROW THIS BRUSH AWAY—it can't possibly clean the lavatory-pan properly and thoroughly, scrub as you will, because it can't even reach the bend in the pipe! But Harpic can. Harpic cleans properly."



"NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic cleans my lavatory-pan thoroughly for me in one operation. At the same time it completely removes the cause of odours—easily, safely and without dangerous acids."



"ITS STRONG, DISINFECTANT ACTION kills the dangerous germs in an instant and leaves your lavatory-pan clean, white and sanitary. And there's no unpleasant work for you to do—when you use Harpic."

HARPIC CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS. 6d. 1/- & 1/9 **HARPIC**

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD.
HULL AND LONDON

Bogus Diplomat's Amazing FORGERIES

CRIMINAL has to be very accomplished and clever nowadays to beat a bank. Managers are much too shrewd to be easily taken in; in fact, it is something to find that one has been

at all. A tall and dashing adventurer long list of assumed names in that of "Major Vernon Granfell," knows how to break this golden

list of victims includes not a manager trapped in some isolated but several keen, efficient businessmen in big towns and cities, and when their victimisation was indis-

apparent, were astounded at the ease with which they had been

Major Vernon Granfell, D.S.O., "ordinary rogue. Incidentally, he Major" and no "D.S.O." But knows that until it is too late knowledge to be of any use to

Secret art

Constable John Horwell, and his best officers at Scotland have been making a concentrated effort to effect the major's arrest for the art of evading capture is just

of his little secrets. He is much for his almost uncanny respect that, using a variety of names and guises, "Major Granfell," has been "on the run" for

year. Throughout all this long period, red and unruffled, he has just calmly on, robbing countless and living in ease and comfort

of "independent means." Factors of renown have played such a part as those chosen by the criminal

of the criminal a magnificent actor, and possessing a magnetic personality that has never doubted his sincerity himself, when his harvest has gathered in, has revealed his true by making a sudden disappear-

al millionaire, diplomat, airman, officer, doctor, company promoter, exchange speculator, barrister-at-law, journalist, author, and the owner are but a few of the which he has excelled in his amazingly successful masquerades. He went up to a stockbroker's office one day and asked to see one of the principal directors. As he intimated he was leaving almost immediately country residence, and could not wait, an interview was at once.

Colourful Tales

he said, a man of many in- and held an important position in Diplomatic Service. His duties to all parts of the world, and, he was comfortably situated, had never really interested very much in share and stock or investment.

ppened to know, however, that of a certain famous concern, named, might prove to be a very good investment, and he the lowest prices the broker could the purchase of shares for

oning the name of one of the best clients, whom he professed intimately, he stated that he ke any number within a reason- gin, and made an arrangement

to call later in the week to discuss the transaction further.

The major was punctual for the second appointment, but appeared a little less optimistic concerning the profit-making potentialities of the shares in question. Information had reached him in the meantime which suggested that the shares might not be worth gambling on, after all.

The broker reassured him, and intimated that he was indeed lucky to get the stock at the price he had quoted. So, still in a supposedly doubtful frame of mind, the major wrote out his cheque and was in due course handed the script.

The next we hear of the major is in Wales. There he drove up to a famous bank and, assuming the guise of a South African company director, asked for an account to be opened in his name.

He said he was negotiating for the purchase of a large country house in the vicinity, the grounds of which he proposed to throw open to the public as a pleasure park, and would be glad if facilities could be given him to operate his account at once in order that he would not be held up in proceeding with his plans.

He produced the shares he had just acquired in London and handed in a draft for more than a thousand pounds that was drawn on a famous South African bank.

Safety measures

The references he showed seemed genuine enough, and the story he told was so convincing that the manager was completely deceived.

But the major took no risks. He knew that bank managers are not prone to fall for uncorroborated stories, no matter how plausible they may be, so he decided to play for absolute safety and act the part he had assumed to the bitter end.

He confided that he had latterly, since he had thrown off some of his business cares, inherited an obsession for gambling in shares.

Naming another famous company, he requested the manager—once his account was opened and in operation—to buy a large number of its shares for him at the best possible price and debit his account with the cost. This subtle piece of bluff succeeded.

When the major left the bank manager's office he had a cheque book in his possession. He left ostensibly to inspect the magnificent country residence he hoped to acquire, but this was just a further lie.

For, while it is true that he had enquired previously as to the purchase price of the estate, he had no intention whatever of buying it.

The bank manager's surprise can be imagined when the heavy draft on the South African bank came back with the information that it was a clever forgery, and one of several which had been manipulated by the "Major" in other stupendous exploits he had carried out elsewhere with similar skill.

On another occasion he arrived in a famous seaside town, and, with customary audacity, negotiated for the purchase of a large residence, standing in

CASH THOSE COUPONS

Are you cashing the JOHN BULL Pen coupons? These little money-savers have enabled thousands to possess the famous JOHN BULL Pen, fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped and guaranteed for two years. Turn to page 45 now.

several acres of grounds, on the outskirts of the town.

The fact that he was being widely sought for past crimes apparently caused him no trouble at all.

The small army of additional creditors who had supplied him with goods, from groceries and wines to expensive clothes and personal effects, had likewise passed entirely from his mind, for he proved to be just his calm, efficient and indomitable self.

Renting the house on a long lease and furnishing it elaborately, he settled down as a fashionable country squire.

In his inimitable fashion he opened a local banking account and arranged with a neighbouring landowner to purchase a large section of his estate for development purposes.

His idea was to float a company to construct a large residential and amusement club there, which would provide a great attraction for visitors during the holiday season.

Tennis courts, playing fields and a bathing-pool were features of the scheme he had in mind.

This was yet another flight of fancy and, spinning a well-told story that he himself would sink anything up to £25,000 in the venture, he soon extracted various sums of money from investors, including several women, who believed that he was all he claimed to be.

In another of his amazing exploits he induced a solicitor to draw up a list of his alleged investments in certain companies, all of which were imaginary. With the aid of the list he duped numerous other people, obtained extensive credit, and opened yet another banking account.

His biggest exploit

Quite recently he was in Coventry. Here he visited a bank manager and, in the guise of a retired professional man, handed in a bill of exchange made out in his favour for several hundreds of pounds.

The cheque-book he managed to secure before he left the bank was swiftly emptied, and, as usual, the bill of exchange, which has since defied experts as to its genuineness or otherwise, was proved to be one of the cleverest forgeries of its kind ever seen.

Perhaps his biggest bank exploit was effected in the North, where, after unfolding one of his incredible stories, he deposited a bundle of spurious script, opened an account, left the bank and immediately cashed a cheque for over £300.

Another of his victims is a widow who, under her husband's will, was left considerable property in Buckinghamshire.

The major agreed, after winning her confidence, to buy one of her establishments and open it as a riding school. Through a clever manipulation of a confidence trick, which it is unnecessary to go into here, he finally disappeared with a substantial sum of money, which he was supposed to invest "judiciously"



Chief Constable Horwell, the C.I.D.'s distinguished chief, whose men would like to capture the elusive Major

for her. The judicious investment proved to be in his own banking account, or, rather, one of them!

The major has victimised many women dupes. One woman, whom he robbed mercilessly by posing as a colonial business man with many valuable properties and interests in Western Australia, handed him everything she possessed on his promise to marry her and take her to his colonial home to settle down.

When her last confidence in him had been broken, and in utter despair she threatened to go to the police, he still won through.

He took her to a church, arranged for the banns to be put up, and left her to go to London to straighten out his somewhat tangled finances.

Next time she saw him was not in person—but in the photographic section of the "Rogues' Gallery" at Scotland Yard!

His career of roguery has been so crowded that pages could be filled about his escapades.

One of his commonest tricks is to negotiate for the purchase of large houses and hotels and, when confidence in him is well-founded, extract large sums by "ringing the changes" with cheque and cash manipulations.

The extent of his criminal practices, however, will be gauged when we add in conclusion that he is wanted for fraud, forgery, embezzlement and countless cheque frauds at Peebles, Yarmouth, Rhyl, Barnstaple and many other places too numerous to mention.

His most favourite aliases, which are often prefaced by the title of "Major," include those of "Guy Page," "Sydney Gordon," "Patrick Elmsworth," "W. Deacon," and "Reginald Armitage."

A very active rogue indeed!

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FREE.—Send a p.c. for liberal trial bottle of
D.D.D. brand Prescription for Skin Troubles.
The address appears in the advt. on p. 37.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS can obtain a FREE
SAMPLE of "RAZ-MAH." See p. 46.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and
Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the
coupon (plus postage) on the Back Cover.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds,
Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental
Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc.
Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.
—Beniley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Soter-
signs, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT.
Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per
month. Open a Credit Account with SMART-
WEAR. No deposit, no references required.
Call or write for Catalogue of Ladies' Latest
Fashions, also Men's Catalogue. SMARTWEAR,
Ltd., 243-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shaver," the
modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in
the advt. on the Back Cover to your name and
address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

FREE! All dog lovers should write for a
sample packet (2d. size) of Bob Martin's Con-
dition Powders, together with a new leaflet on
"Spring Conditioning." This offer appears in
the advt. on page 32.

READERS' attention is drawn to the amazing
offer of "RAZEX" BLADES on p. 46.

A SAMPLE of "Dogs' Face Cream" will be
sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage)
appearing on the Back Cover.

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Powder will
be sent FREE to readers who write to the ad-
dress in the advt. on p. 43.

FOR a free copy of "My Book"—a full and
reliable guide to the rearing of children.—Write
to Kean, Robinson & Co., H.M.-101, Canow
Works, Norwich. See offer on page 35.

DON'T overlook the special Emu offer on page
29. Readers can obtain 1-bottle samples of this
excellent Australian wine, by cutting out the
coupon appearing in the advt. Put this to a
sheet of notepaper, write your name and address,
attach sample or samples required, and send with
P.O. to: The Emu Australian Wine Co. Ltd.,
(J.B.1), Swan Street, London, E.1. For every
one 1-sample bottle send P.O. 1/-; for any two
1/6, or a 1-sample bottle of all three mentioned
in the advt. 2/2—cost of postage and packing
only!

Despicable Hoax

ON FASTING WOMAN



Mrs. King, who fasted for twenty-one days

With the idea of stimulating further interest in this sorry business, Bell issued a challenge by public notice at the hall offering to pay £30 to any local woman who would fast for thirty days and nights in a sealed glass cabinet exposed to the public gaze.

Among those who read this offer was a Mrs. King, of Geere Road, West Ham.

Now, Mrs. King is a tall, heavily

built young woman weighing over fifteen stone, and a hearty eater, and did not like the idea of fasting particularly, but she was in need of money.

Her only surviving child had been seriously ill, and the mother was faced with medical expenses and the cost of a convalescent home.

Therefore, she volunteered to be the next fasting girl, and was engaged by Bell for that purpose. A promise was given her by Bell that she should receive the £30 if she accomplished the feat. If she did not she would receive nothing.

A point to remember about this engagement is that "successful fasters" in the show-ring records have always been small, thin individuals. Mrs. King, by outward signs, was not likely to win the challenge.

Sealed cabinet

Possibly that factor had something to do with the acceptance of her as a fasting candidate.

She entered on her self-imposed ordeal on March 7. She was placed in the cabinet and the door locked and sealed by a local medical man.

Each day the doctor came to examine

her, and it was at those inspections that the supply of mineral water and cigarettes—all that Mrs. King was allowed—was placed in the compartment.

One week went by; the second week and the third; Mrs. King was fasting more successfully than any young woman had ever done. She was maintaining her strength in an exceptional manner, considering her size.

The affair, of course, was absolutely genuine so far as Mrs. King and the doctor were concerned. No particle of food passed her lips.

Thousands of people paid to see her. They visited the hall at all hours of the day and night, and the receipts collected by Mrs. Bell, the wife of the showman, were substantial.

The time in the glass chamber was for Mrs. King a horror of staring eyes. Always when she looked about she saw those eyes.

The twentieth day

Even when she lay in her bed trying to sleep she met the eyes deflected from a mirror behind the bedstead.

Most of the interminable hours she spent in knitting. She made no fewer than six different garments for her daughter while she was fasting.

On the twentieth day of the exhibition Mrs. King was approached by Mrs. Bell, who asked how much she would take in money to give up her fast and come out of the cabinet. Would she accept £10?

The temptation was great—a bird in the hand against three in the bush, as it were—but Mrs. King refused.

"I am in here for thirty days to win £30," she protested, "and in here I will stop. I am confident I can do the thirty days now."

At that stage there was every evidence that the young woman would succeed.

Her weight had fallen by 1 st. 9 lb., but she was still strong in spite of periods of light-headedness and pain.

Nine days to go, and the twenty-first of the long fast. But on that day there

was no Mrs. Bell at the hall to take the money from spectators, no one to look after the fasting woman.

Mrs. Bell had left Stratford to rejoin her husband at Chatham, where another fasting show was in progress.

Mrs. King was stranded!

Therefore it was impossible for her to continue. That night when the doctor opened the door she was persuaded, against her will, to leave the cabinet.

With the promoter and his wife away, and refusing to return to accept their responsibilities, the exhibition collapsed.

In this sudden and unexpected fashion ended the fast of Mrs. King. Her sacrifice and sufferings had been in vain; her chance of winning the £30 she needed had vanished. She had been victimised in a despicable way.

But for the generosity of the proprietor of the hall, who paid her £10 as an act of grace, her plight would have been desperate indeed.

He, of course, was in no way answerable for the sorry affair. He had simply rented a space in his premises to Bell, the showman.

Though cheated of her £30 award in such cruel circumstances, it is impossible for poor Mrs. King to pursue Bell by taking civil action against him for alleged breach of contract. She has no funds for that purpose.

Warning to others

She is left as the fasting woman who was shamefully hoaxed.

Apparently Bell makes a speciality of these fasting challenges and exhibitions. We suggest that the authorities in any town where he operates should watch him closely.

The sooner his—and all—fasting shows are stopped the better.

Other young women who feel inclined to fall in with the proposals of travelling showmen, and fast as a money-making chance, should take a lesson from the case of Mrs. King.

A Sinister Combination

A BABY, a doll, and a candle-flame. Who could foresee that these might be the ingredients of a tragedy?

But make the doll one stamped out of celluloid—that deadly celluloid that throws flames ceiling high, and which the Government still allows to be sold, although there are processes for rendering the material unflammable—

Then the combination is a sinister one. They came together under circumstances which might easily have been tragic, in a Lancashire home recently.

Their baby daughter, a mite of toddling age who had been put to play in a bedroom, reached out her doll towards the flame.

Instantly the toy became a blazing torch that burnt with the fury of ignited petrol.

Fortunately the child threw the doll from her, to land on the bed, from which a hissing column of fire rose to the height of the roof.

The flames, spreading to the contents of the room, did serious damage before they were extinguished.

* * *

The joy of the parents was boundless at finding their child was safe, of course. Her safety was the important thing. But the bill that resulted was one they could not but regard with dismay.

It would have played havoc with them financially if the foresight they had shown in filling up a JOHN BULL coupon—one such as appears to-day on page 45—had not brought them a cheque in settlement.

No more celluloid toys will ever enter their home. And yet many other things might arise that might make them need the protection given to those who take the free precaution of filling in that coupon.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

undergone a great disappointment in life loses interest and would be glad if the end would come soon."

My friend looked at me steadily, and after being silent a moment or two startled me by saying: "You would hardly think it, I suppose, but I am one of those people myself. I am getting old, and I want rest; and, to tell you the truth, I do not look forward with eagerness to the life everlasting. By temperament my preference would be for the unbroken rest of death when one's work is done in this world."

The confession was entirely unexpected as coming from the particular man who made it, though one comes across it often enough in the writings of clever men who have no religious faith.

But I don't believe it represents the deepest feeling of anybody—certainly not of my friend. It is tired nature craving for relief, and that is all. Tennyson is right:

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,

No life that breathes with human breath

Has ever truly longed for death.

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
Of life, not death, for which we pant:
More life, and fuller, that I want.

One of the worst effects of long-continued poverty, struggle against adverse conditions, repeated blows of misfortune, frustration of laudable ambitions, the accumulation of cares and worries, is the wearing down of personality. The longing to let one's arms drop and rest, whatever the consequences, is just this protest of overwrought human nature against being denied the heritage to which it feels itself entitled.

Some measure of joy is an absolute necessity both for physical and spiritual health; we cannot do without it; and that is why overstrained nature either revenges itself by seeking joy in the wrong way or sinking into indifference and hopelessness.

"There is nothing to live for" means the bereaved and lonely heart—nothing to live for when love is gone. And at the root of a great deal of the weariness I am writing about is the fact of being starved for love.

Rest without hope in it is not rest, but stupor. Rest that pillows on love and joy is one of the sweetest things in the world. And when human fealty fails to give it, we can rely upon divine.

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming Be at rest."

REST

TO-DAY I have had a mild shock which has set me pondering anew the mystery of life.

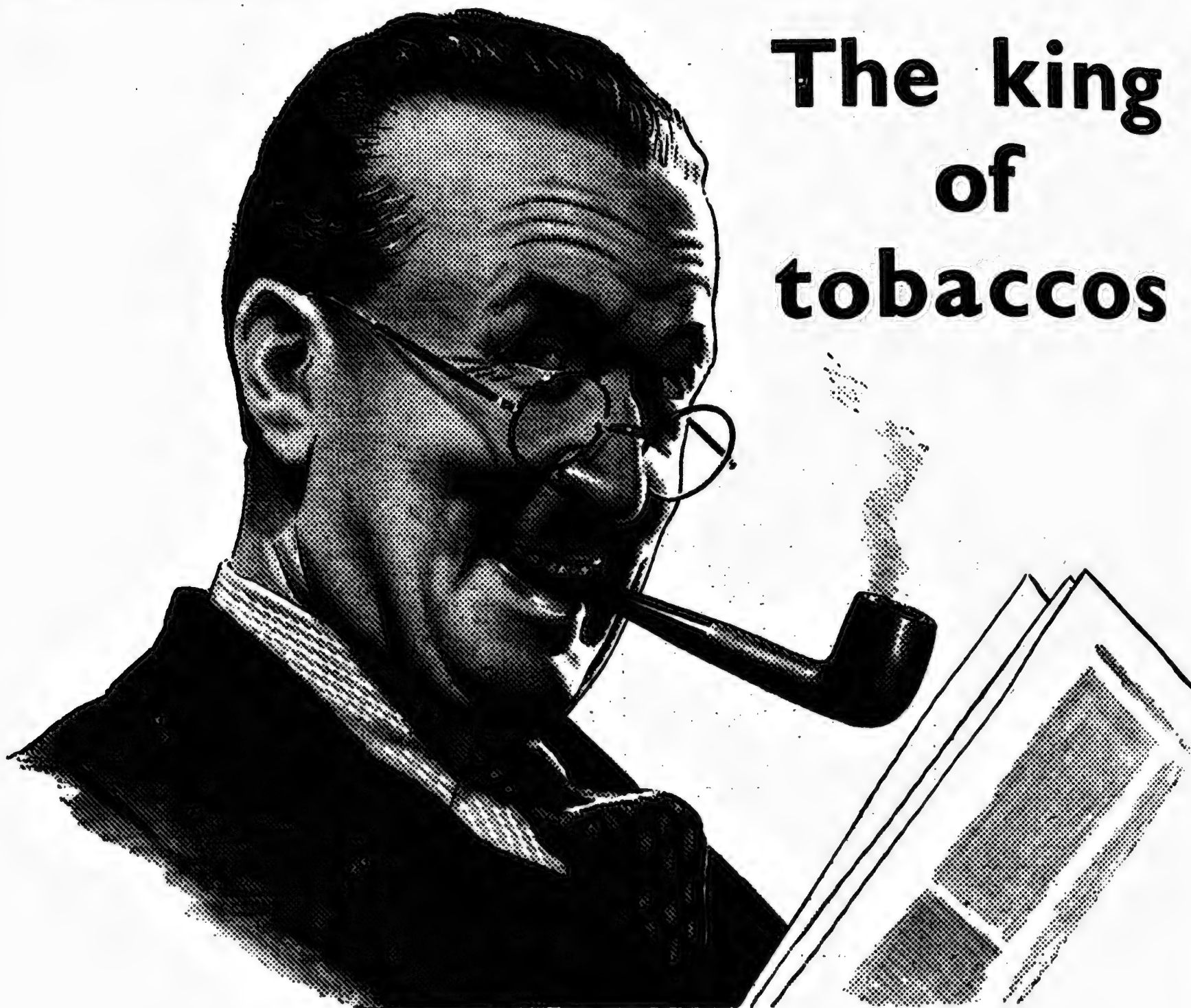
I had been sharing duty with a dear friend of mine, a hard worker in his own sphere, unselfish, kind-hearted, devoted to his job, a good husband and father, and to all appearance the head of a very happy home.

But as we were talking together in his study after a meal he suddenly said: "In the course of your work do you ever come across people who want to have done with life, but keep on for the sake of others?"

"Yes," I replied, "I do occasionally."

"Well," he continued, "what sort of people are they?"

"Various sorts," I rejoined. "Sometimes people who have had a great lot of trouble will tell me that they wish they could have done with it all; sometimes a sufferer from long and painful illness wishes to want to live; sometimes, but rarely, a man or woman who has



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Two Strange Societies for SAILORS

THE men who go down to the sea in ships are deserving of sympathy—it is a hard life. But my sympathy does not extend to certain enterprising people who conduct missions on their behalf. My postbag convinces me that there are far too many dubious appeals of this character.

Business firms and individuals are frequently approached by collectors from these missions, who eagerly describe with a wealth of detail the work that is being done for seamen.

Names confused

At ports up and down the country where the shipping industry has been suffering from severe depression these appeals for contributions on behalf of seamen fall on sympathetic ears.

At Manchester there is the Salford Seamen's Mission, which is housed in Hulton Street, close to the Manchester Docks.

This mission is run by Mr. R. G. Lodge, who styles himself as the General Secretary.

Now, Lodge has been collecting money for his Salford Mission for many years, and many business concerns and private individuals have given generously.

Not a few of those who have given out of the kindness of their hearts have confused the well-known Salford Missions to Seamen with Lodge's concern, the Salford Seamen's Mission, much to the annoyance of the former and advantage of the latter.

Indeed, the similarity of the titles is confusing, and the confusion has undoubtedly been to the benefit of Lodge's concern.

Genuine—and otherwise

Excellent work is being done in Manchester and Salford by the Salford Missions to Seamen, which has fine premises in Trafford Road, Salford.

For there are club rooms and rest rooms where men home from the sea can enjoy their leisure while waiting for their next ship.

This mission, with its organising secretary, the Rev. F. J. Brabyn, is well established, and the excellent work carried on among seamen is well known.

For this reason it is unfortunate that it should be confused with the small concern run by R. G. Lodge at Hulton Street.

The latter makes no attempt to cater



When the cargo boats come in, the sailorman does not always find the haven he expects ashore

for seamen in the same way as the Salford branch of the Missions to Seamen, which possesses a large building just outside the Salford dock gates, where men home from the sea and waiting for their next ship can spend their idle hours in pleasant clubrooms with congenial company.

Public deceived

I understand that Lodge's mission hall is a dismal place, the headquarters being in a derelict railway station. True that a seaman may on occasion be given a cup of coffee by Lodge, but the makeshift mission hall is open only for a short period each day.

Certainly it is not a place where men home from the sea can spend their leisure hours in comfort.

But Lodge, on fire with evangelical

fervour, does hold meetings at Hulton Street on Sundays at which collections are taken.

Many who have given donations to Lodge are undoubtedly under the impression that they are giving money for a very worthy cause.

The charitable public probably think of writing rooms, rest rooms, billiard rooms, and cosy clubrooms where seamen can spend their hours ashore in cheerful surroundings. They would be amazed if they could see Lodge's dismal mission hall.

Whether Lodge has ever published a balance-sheet is not definitely known. Certainly a number of those who have given donations have never seen one.

The chief point about Lodge and his Mission for Seamen in Hulton Street, Salford, is that this establishment is entirely superfluous.

The good work among the men from the sea is being most adequately done by the well-established and efficiently run Salford Missions to Seamen.

Another strange society for seamen which collects funds from the generous-minded public is the East London Seamen's Mission, which boasts of headquarters in West India Dock Road, and a Salford Branch at 203, Trafford Road, Manchester.

At the butcher's . .

This society, according to its literature, "Preaches the Gospel and distributes the Scriptures in Bethels, Lodging Houses and on board ships."

It also provides "free meals and beds to destitute seamen; helps them to obtain employment; looks after their wives and children."

All of this sounds impressive, but it should be mentioned that this type of good work among seamen is already being effectively done by organisations which are firmly established and efficiently managed.

The general secretary of this mission was a relative of R. G. Lodge, of the Salford Seamen's Mission.

Contributors to the East London Sea-

men's Mission, who have seen advertisements in such publications as the Manchester Shipping Guide, will have noticed that the address of the Salford branch is given as at Trafford Road, Salford.

They do not know that the address given is a butcher's shop, which surely can have no possible connection with a mission?

Enquiries reveal that the East London Seamen's Mission did at one time occupy part of these premises, but closed down some months ago.

In these circumstances it is hard to understand this concern's claim to "provide free meals and beds to destitute seamen," from the Salford, Manchester, address.

Superfluous

What possible justification can there be for advertising as a branch of the mission an address which is a butcher's shop?

As with the East London Seamen's Mission so too with Lodge's Salford Seamen's Mission . . . both are superfluous in the vital sense that the work they profess to do is already being effectively carried on by well-established charities, which really maintain proper establishments and publish balance-sheets for all the world to see.

Any attempt to make the lives of seamen more comfortable when they are in port and out of work is to be welcomed, but members of the public who give money for this purpose should satisfy themselves that their donations are going to the well-established societies.

Halfpenny Howard

READERS in London, Liverpool, Cheshire, and Nottingham have been invited to become students of the mystic art of "Howardism," as practised by the International Press Agency, of Albert Chambers, 32, Paradise Street, Birmingham (City).

They are urged to take advantage of the services provided by what is described as the "clearing-house of the world's press," and to receive instruction in story and article writing at an inclusive fee of £4 4s.

Although the fee charged for a course of training in free-lance journalism is for the time being reduced by 50 per cent., the principal of this organisation is ready to accept payment by instalments of a guinea a month.

* * *

According to a brochure issued by this ambitious undertaking, certain doctors, officers in the Fighting Forces, titled persons and barristers, and others residing as far afield as Australia, New Zealand and India, have already proved successful after following the advice of Mr. C. Clifford Howard, the titular principal.

And as though in proof of these extravagant assertions, Howard goes on to narrate how housewives, decorators, farmers, typists and undergraduates have added to their earnings through his correspondence course.

Howard is described in another brochure received by a West Country reader as the director of an organisation called the Associated Copywriting Services, likewise of 32, Paradise Street, Birmingham.

Yet another of his concerns is the so-called Business and Sales Association of Great Britain, which he claims has branches in London, Manchester, Warwick and Aberdeen.

His real name is John Halfpenny, and his strange concerns which serve to mask his various ingenious demands for fees are nothing more than a series of business names, registered at a cost of five shillings each!

Chain-Store Swindle

"JAMES A. ALLEN" is an alias which cloaks the identity of a touring rogue, who specialises in separating workless men from the slender capital they have put aside for a rainy day.

Allen turned up in Nottingham quite recently and, opening an office in the heart of the town, advertised for people who possessed experience in salesmanship.

Numerous applicants made their way to the address given, and found James A. Allen a most genial fellow of thirty-five or so. He owned—or said he owned—a chain of hosiery shops in all parts of the land.

He had just registered a company called "City Estates," the object of which was to acquire a number of well-appointed shops in Nottingham, fit them up in modern style, and open them as hosiery stores under his own name.

He engaged several people at excellent salaries and named the date on which they would be expected to start their duties. One or two men he set aside for special positions and,

cunningly keeping them hanging about while he engaged the others for the smaller jobs, eventually told them to come to see him again at a later date.

When the time came for them to see him again, "James A. Allen" told them that he had now actually taken over several shops and given a contract to a big firm of shop-fitters to equip them.

At this stage in the proceedings the confidence of the "specially selected" applicants was completely won.

Then Mr. Allen played his real card. He wanted a manager for each shop, and would only entrust the responsible position to men who would put up £100 as a guarantee of honesty.

When he had obtained all he could in this direction he just disappeared—leaving his victims to discover that the "chain" of shops existed only in his imagination, and that the newly-formed company called "City Estates" was nothing more than the two words which comprised its name.

We hope the police will soon lay "James A. Allen" by the heels. Such treatment of workless men is brutally cruel.

The Best I Have

THE end of July, 1914, marked the close of an era in the political, economical and social life of Britain.

The war came, and when it was over and our minds were free to look around, we saw all things had assumed a new form as though a great earthquake had changed the face of the land.

When I look back to the years from 1906 to 1914 it seems as though these years belonged to a former life. Many of the men who then took a prominent part in public affairs have passed away, and their places have been taken by new men who were then unknown.

It is supposed to be a common falling of old age to regard the present times as decadent.

But I think no one with a knowledge of pre-war days will deny that they were in many respects happier than those in which we are now living.

Life was less strenuous and more free from cares and anxieties. Some of the things we have to-day which are regarded as evidence of the progress of civilisation were then unknown.

When I first came to London in 1906 there were no motor buses on the streets, and the taxicab was rarely seen. The horse-drawn buses lumbered leisurely along streets far less crowded than they are to-day. The hansom cabs added a picturesque quality to the streets. There were no cinemas. That marvel, the talking film, had not then been invented, and the secret of wireless remained undiscovered.

Prosperity Time

But the country in the decade before the outbreak of war was not in stagnation. Progress was being steadily made in all directions.

In his Budget speech, three months before the calamity of August, 1914, occurred, Mr. Lloyd George was able to report an unprecedented state of national prosperity. Trade was expanding, unemployment had touched the lowest point in the records, wealth was increasing, and the national revenue was bounding.

In the eight years before 1914 our exports had increased by nearly 40 per cent. The assessable incomes of the income-tax payers had risen from £925,000,000 to £1,167,000,000.

The wages of the workers, it is true, were very low, but in the years under review there had been substantial additions to their standard of living—Pensions, Health and Unemployment Insurance Grants, and a considerable improvement in National Education.

The problem of the poverty of great masses of the population was being attacked, if not courageously, at least in a new spirit and with more energy.

Before the outbreak of war there were evidences that all parties were impressed by the need of social reform, and financial and trade conditions were favourable for carrying out such a policy.

The years 1906 to 1914 were pro-

ductive of a larger output of beneficial legislation than in any similar period in our history. Much proposed legislation was mauled or destroyed by the House of Lords, but a fine record still remained.

The legislation actually passed included the Trades Boards Act, a measure which has done immeasurable good in improving the wages and conditions in what were called the Sweated Industries; a Miners' Minimum Wage Act; the Act establishing the Labour Exchanges; the Old Age Pensions Act and the National Unemployment and Health Insurance Schemes; the incorporation in our taxation system of the important principle of graduation and differentiation of the income-tax.

The Back-Bencher

These measures, when first adopted, were not ambitious, but they provided a foundation on which a great system of social services has been built.

The membership of the House of Commons has almost completely changed since the 1906 Parliament. There are only twenty Members in the present House of Commons (1934) who sat in the 1906 Parliament. The Members of that Parliament are mostly dead; some are still living, but have gone out of politics; quite a number are now in the House of Lords.

Of those who occupied the Tory Opposition Front Bench the only survivor is Sir Austen Chamberlain.

Only four Members of the present Government (1934) were in Parliament in 1906. Mr. Baldwin came into Parliament in 1908, in succession to his father. For many years he remained an obscure Back Bench Member, giving no promise of ever achieving the Parliamentary position he has since attained.

The two General Elections of 1910 greatly altered the composition of the House of Commons. Quite a number of men who are still active in political life came into Parliament at these elections.

Greater Men

Only two of the forty Members who formed the Labour Party in the 1906 Parliament are now in the House—Mr. Arthur Henderson and Mr. Will Thorne. In the intervening twenty-eight years Mr. Henderson has sat for no fewer than five different constituencies. Mr. Thorne has held his seat in West Ham without interruption since he was elected in 1906.

Mr. J. H. Thomas did not come into Parliament till 1910, and since then has sat continuously for Derby.

When I close my eyes and picture a full House of Commons in 1906 I see many faces which deserve to be remembered.

On the Labour benches I recall the



"When I look back it seems as though these years belonged to a former life"—and to-day Lord Snowden re-lives those Westminster days from 1906 to 1914.—A "John Bull" photograph.

by Viscount Snowden (2)

Government I HAVE KNOWN

striking figure of Keir Hardie in the corner seat below the gangway; the burly form of Mr. Shackleton sitting beside him; the black hair and beard of genial Will Crooks; the diminutive figure of Mr. Clynes modestly retreating into some inconspicuous seat; "Little Steve" Walsh, the Wigan miner, the most intellectual of the miners' Members; John Hodge, the steelmelter, and one of the greatest trade union organisers; Mr. Fred Jowett, the Member for Bradford, whose head always attracted attention in the Strangers' Gallery, where they thought he was some German professor who had wandered into the House of Commons; Mr. George Barnes, admired and respected by all for his sound common-sense and practical knowledge; and others who are not forgotten by their living friends and comrades.

I have sat in eight Parliaments and known six Prime Ministers. I have no hesitation in saying that the Liberal Government of 1906 contained a larger number of able men than any Government I have known.

I had not the privilege of knowing the House of Commons in the days of Gladstone and Disraeli, and can make no comparison between the statesmen of those days and those I have known.

But the Governments of post-war days have seemed to me second or third rate, both collectively and individually, beside the men who occupied the Treasury Bench in the Parliament of 1906.

There were Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. John Morley, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, Professor Bryce, Mr. Birrell amongst the Cabinet Ministers and able Under-Secretaries who have fulfilled the promise of those years, like Mr. Churchill, Mr. Herbert Samuel and Mr. Runciman.

I was Surprised

The Tory Opposition contained men of long Parliamentary experience and of established position in British politics. Mr. Balfour was in the prime of his great intellectual powers. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was there for a short time before illness wholly incapacitated him. New Members of that Parliament who saw him for the first time could form no conception of the man he had been in the fulness of his powers.

There were other men on the Front Opposition Bench who were able, some of them indeed formidable, debaters. Sir Edward Clarke, one of the most distinguished lawyers of his day, was there for a short time, but he was driven out of Parliament because of his unwillingness to accept the new fiscal policy of Mr. Chamberlain, to which by that time practically the whole Tory Party had been committed.

I only heard him make one big speech, and that was when he spoke in the famous Free Trade debate in March, 1906. It was a great speech,

and one which required courage to deliver. He opposed the Chamberlain programme because of the hardship it would inflict upon the poor. After that speech his position in the Tory Party became intolerable, and in the July following he resigned his seat as Member for the City of London, and was succeeded by the notorious Sir Frederick Banbury!

I met Sir Edward Clarke some years after his retirement. I went down to speak for the Sutton (Surrey) Co-operative Society, and when I mounted the platform I was surprised, and a little disconcerted, to see him sitting on the front seat.

I wondered what could have brought him there. He lived in the neighbourhood. He came into the ante-room after the lecture to speak to me. He told me he had been keenly interested in the Co-operative movement for fifty years, and had been a friend and co-worker of Judge Hughes, still gratefully remembered by Co-operators for his great services to the cause.

Carson's Outburst

In these pre-war days Sir Edward Carson was an outstanding figure among the Tory Opposition. He naturally took the lead in the exciting debates on the Home Rule Bill in 1913-14.

He never restrained his language nor spared his opponents. He is the only Member I have known who successfully defied the ruling of the Speaker. He had charged the Government with lying—a very un-Parliamentary expression. He was asked to withdraw, which he flatly refused to do. The Speaker, knowing that if he took the usual course of asking Carson to withdraw from the House there would be an awful row (for tempers were high and nerves frayed in those hectic times), wisely allowed the incident to pass.

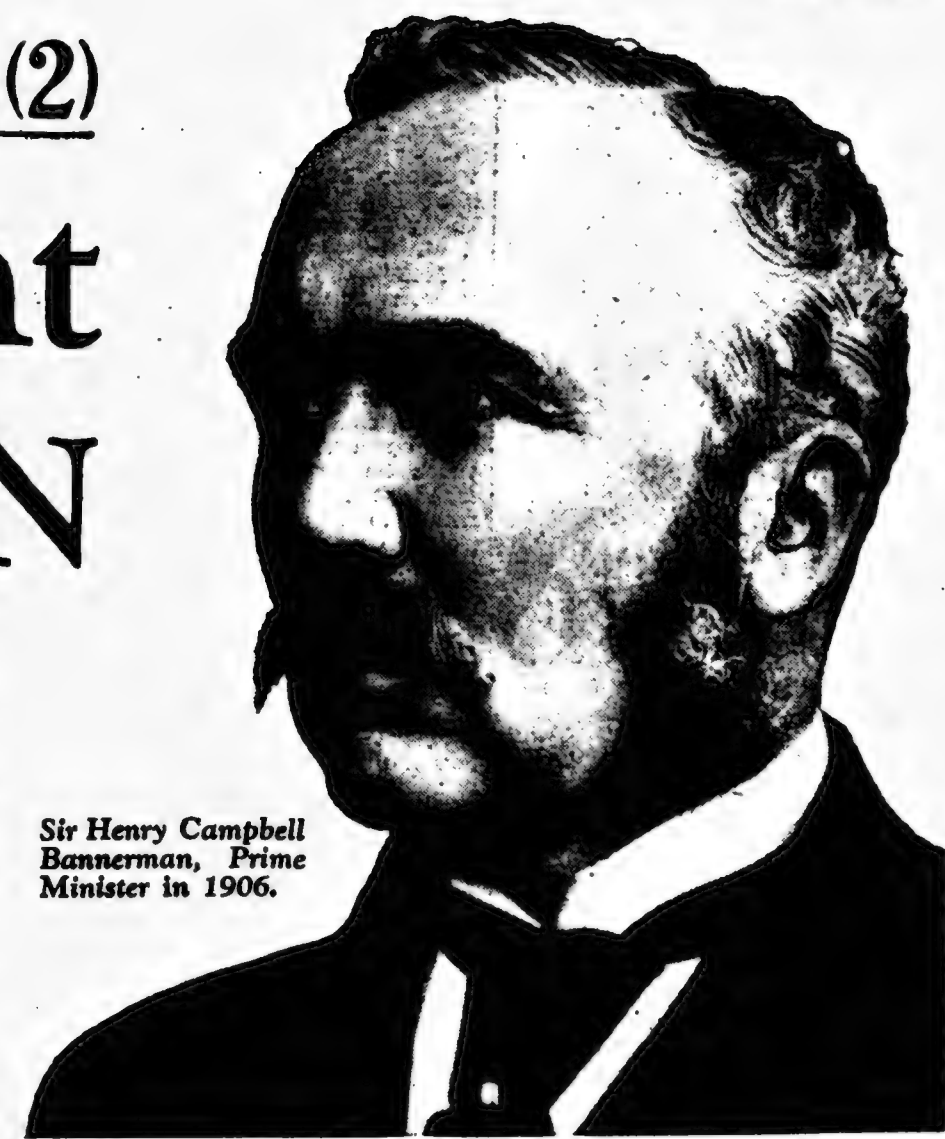
Edward Marjoribanks, in his "Life of Carson," draws a picture of a kindly nature, a warm friend, an attractive personality, and a hater of shams. This is an opinion of Carson which is held by all who know him intimately. But it is hardly the impression which a person would form who knew Carson only in the House of Commons.

His appearance was somewhat sinister, but he had such a charming Irish brogue that his appearance was forgotten in the fascination of his voice.

I am very often asked if I think the House of Commons has improved or deteriorated in the last thirty years. It is difficult to say. In many respects it is just the same. It contains quite as many bores, and Members are just as prone as ever to talk for talking's sake.

Members dress in a much more free and easy way than formerly. Thirty years ago the frock coat and silk hat were very generally worn.

The advent of the Labour Mem-



Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, Prime Minister in 1906.

bers did a good deal to break down conventions. I remember an old Member telling me that before 1906 he had never seen a pipe in the smoke-room. In the 1906 Parliament Tommy Bowles outraged tradition by appearing in the House in a suit of white ducks.

I find this item of news in the Press of June 12, 1906: "This afternoon a new sartorial milestone was passed. Mr. Philip Snowden, the Labour Member for Blackburn, sat among his political confrères wearing with entire unconcern the first ordinary straw hat ever seen within the precincts of the Mother of Parliaments."

I am inclined to think that on the whole the speaking to-day is not up to the average level of thirty years ago. Most certainly the number of good speakers is smaller than in the pre-war Parliaments, and I add without hesitation that in all the post-war Parliaments there have been far fewer men of outstanding qualities.

Providence has evidently, in the composition of the House of Commons, answered that part of Browning's prayer: "Oh God, make no more giants," but has forgotten to fulfil the other part: "but elevate the race."

No Slave, He

There were a few private Members in the 1906-14 Parliaments who excelled in debating power. Lord Hugh Cecil may be regarded as a pre-war Parliamentary figure, for in later years he has taken little part in the House of Commons proceedings.

In those days Lord Hugh was one of the few Members who really debated. His speeches did not consist of flinging out the contents of sheets of paper smelling of the midnight oil.

Lord Hugh has never attained ministerial rank, and one can quite understand the reason. He has the "cross-bench" type of mind, and could never be the slave of official policy.

I consider the two best debaters I

have known in the House of Commons to be Mr. J. H. Robertson and Mr. Ellis Griffith.

Mr. Robertson was a Scotsman who had made his way in the world by sheer native ability.

He was a poor lad, the son of an Arran crofter.

Although he was very modest and usually reticent about himself, he once told me something of his life. He was entirely self-educated. He became one of the most cultured men of his time.

Remorseless Logic

He was a great Shakespearean scholar, an authority on philosophy, and a leading writer and speaker on rationalism. At twenty-two he became the editor of a Liberal newspaper in Edinburgh, and here he came under the influence of Charles Bradlaugh.

He took an active part in public debates on Secularism, and it was this training which made him a formidable debater. In the House of Commons he would tear an opponent's case to shreds with remorseless logic.

Later he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, and that was his undoing as a Parliamentary debater. There was no scope for his gifts in that position.

He was never meant to be the mere spokesman of a Government Department.

Mr. Ellis Griffith was a Welsh Member with a gift for light banter and humorous sarcasm. He was not such a solid debater as Mr. Robertson. His speeches were not less effective, but in a different way. He, too, was made an Under-Secretary, and the responsibility of office seemed to deprive him of his natural gifts of humour and irony.

By his official appointment the House of Commons lost an inimitable debater for a very ordinary Under-Secretary. About 1911 there came into the House of Commons

(Continued on page 26)

Continuing MY LIFE: by Viscount Snowden

The Prophet Arrives

a group of four young Scotsmen, who had been founders of the Young Scots Society. They were Mr. J. M. Hogge, Mr. W. R. Pringle, Mr. A. McCallum Scott, and Mr. Ian Macpherson. From the first they made their presence felt.

Though Liberals, they all, with the exception of Mr. Macpherson, took up the line of independent criticism of the Government. Mr. Macpherson had an eye on office, which he very soon attained, rising to the position of Chief Secretary for Ireland. He has now fulfilled the promise of his early years. Mr. Hogge was able, but somehow he failed to make an impression on the House.



Mr. McCallum Scott was a German professor, they thought

He always struck me as having the typical Scotch metaphysical mind. He spoke with great deliberation. He seemed as though he was laboriously dragging out his words, not from his head, but from his chest. He took a prominent part in the debates on Women's Suffrage, of which he was a strong opponent. His argument was that in the last resort the enforcement of law depended on physical force, and, therefore, only those who were capable of employing force were entitled to vote.

Mr. Pringle was the best instance I have known of determination triumphing over initial failures. His early speeches were not successful. He suffered acutely from nervousness which was painfully obvious. He was not dismayed by failure. He spoke often, but always briefly. As he put it to me, he would be satisfied if he could make one good speech in five.

He worked tremendously hard, making himself familiar with the measures before Parliament and getting complete mastery of the rules of the House. He became one of the ablest debaters and best-equipped Parliamentarians in the House.

Three of the four members of this Scots group died young. Mr. Macpherson, now Sir Ian Macpherson, is the only survivor. McCallum Scott, who had joined the Labour Party, was killed in an aeroplane smash at Vancouver.

Keir Hardie's Parliamentary career ended with the outbreak of war. With one interval, he had been in the House of Commons for twenty years.

He was not a success in Parliament, and that he fully realised. He never captured the House of Commons, where he never quite overcame the early prejudice against him. It was not his place. He was not the politician, but the prophet and the seer.

Compromise was not in the man's nature. He was the unsparing iconoclast who sought to break the illusions and conventions of his generation. He had set before himself an ideal and a goal which he pursued regardless of the hostility and opposition of enemies, and often with scant regard for the criticism and advice of his friends.

But, withal, he was the greatest product of the democracy of our times. I had the great privilege of being intimately associated with him for over twenty years, and that acquaintance is one of my most cherished memories.

I am proud to believe that I enjoyed his confidence in an unusual degree. He

wrote to me once when I had been away from the House of Commons for two or three days. "What has become of you? You are the only man whose presence here I miss."

He usually wrote to me when he was on a speaking tour, telling me of his experiences and how he found the movement.

Keir Hardie owed nothing to the schools and universities. He had no schooling as a boy. He taught himself to read from the chap-books in the stationers' shop windows. He told me once what drove him to learn to write. When a youth, he went to join the Good Templars. He was unable to sign his name on the membership pledge, and he was so ashamed that he set to work to learn to write.

Later, when working in the pit, he taught himself shorthand by marking the characters with bits of coal on the white-washed walls. Yet, in spite of his early disadvantages, he became a well-educated man.

Although he had a marked Scottish accent, his English, both in conversation and in public speech, was perfect. He used none of the solecisms which so often mar democratic oratory. His speeches were not those of the politician, but of the man with a mission and a message.

His fine, rugged appearance, his powerful and resonant voice, the character of his popular addresses,

brought to one's imagination the old Hebrew prophets thundering forth denunciation of the evils of their day and prophesying the coming of a better time.

The moving impulse of Keir Hardie's work was a profound belief in the common people. He believed in their capacity, and he burned with indignation at their unmerited sufferings. He was no theoretic dogmatist.



"Joseph Chamberlain was there..."

He never argued on the platform the economic theories of Socialism. His Socialism was a great human conception of the equal rights of all men and women to the wealth of the world and to enjoyment of the fullness of life.

Though he repudiated the dogma of the "class war," his appeal was invariably to the workers as a class. The fact of the class war he admitted, but he did not believe that its ruthless prosecution was the way to establish Socialism.

He appealed to the working-classes to realise their duty to act their part as citizens; and this, he believed, they could best be taught by organising themselves in a Labour Party.

It was his class-consciousness which made him contemptuous of any attempt at patronage from the well-to-do. I remember on one occasion meeting a West Riding manufacturer in the lobby of the House of Commons in a state of great indignation. He told me he had just tried to speak to Keir Hardie, who had cut him dead.

"Think of that!" said this plutocrat. "And I once subscribed five pounds to



He wielded his sword on the side of the poor—Sir Edward Clarke

the election expenses of a Labour candidate!"

"The apparel oft proclaims the man." Keir Hardie's dress was characteristic. His unconventional attire was worn for several reasons. I have heard it said that in his younger days he was something of a dandy, and the dress he assumed in his later lifetime—the flannel shirt and collar, the rough tweeds (the coat, vest and trousers usually of different patterns), the big slouch hat and Inverness cloak—was worn as much probably because it made him conspicuous as because it marked him off from the conventional.

A well-known Quaker thought fit, when Hardie first entered Parliament, to offer him some practical advice and to warn him against the temptations to which he would be exposed in the House of Commons, and he concluded by saying: "And, above all, James, never alter your clothes." There was a wealth of wisdom in that advice. If

(Continued on page 28)



Carson, sinister-looking, but with a voice to charm



**No delay
... ready
right away!**

Even though time is short in the mornings, there's no need to go without a proper breakfast.

Quick Quaker, especially made for quick cooking is the no-trouble breakfast—ready in less time than it takes to make the morning tea.

And Quaker Oats is the finest natural food, made from the world's richest oats, it contains an abundance of health-promoting elements.

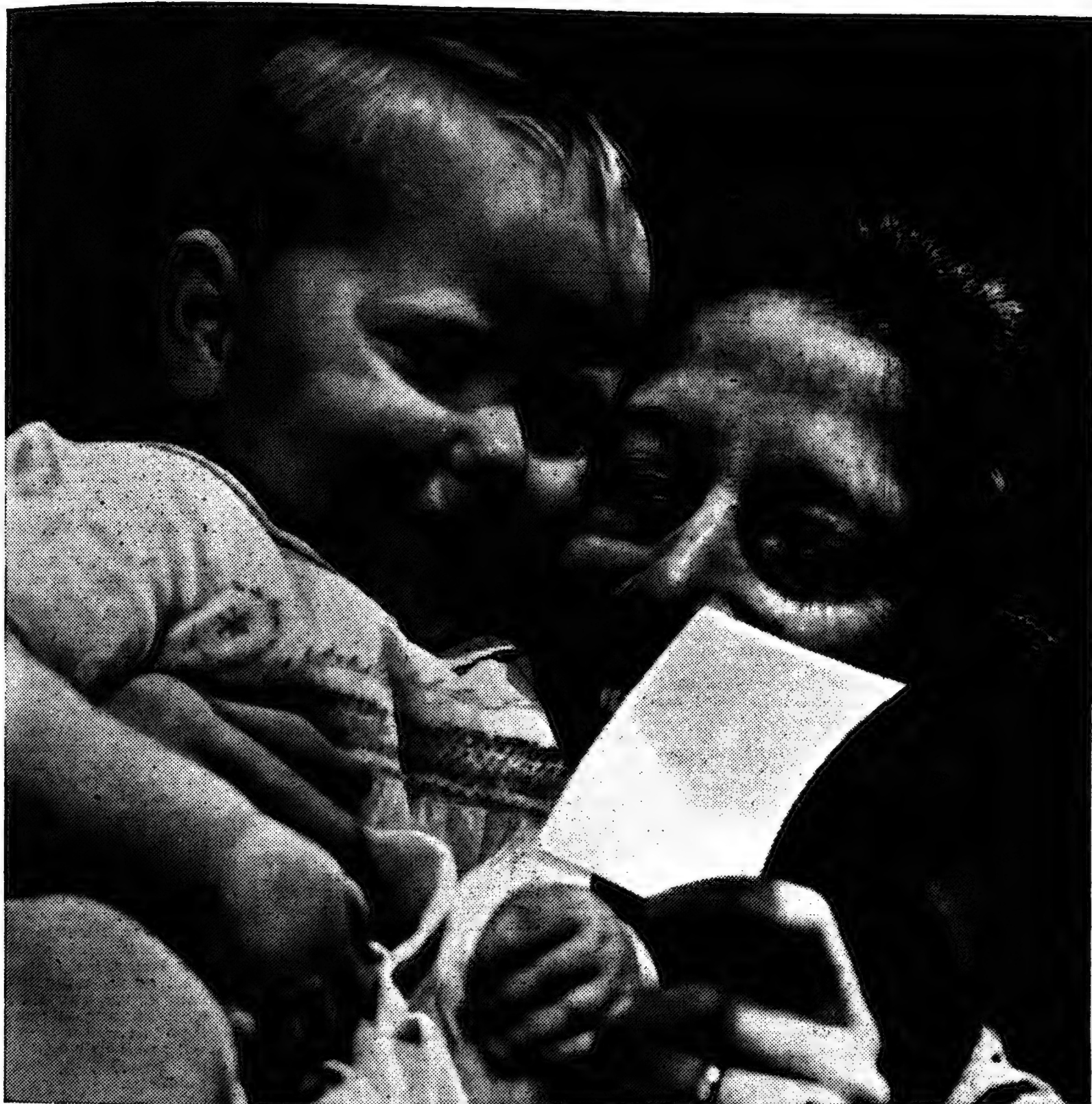
There is nothing more appetising and delicious, nothing so nourishing and sustaining, as a good dish of Quaker Oats to start you off for the day.

So economical too. The large packet of Quaker Oats costing only 8½d. gives 40 delicious helpings.

Quick Quaker

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Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker
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Today, simple snaps...tomorrow, priceless treasures!

Good snaps make the loveliest record of a baby's life. Her cradle days. Her first footsteps. Her smile. Her tears too. There's something worth recording almost every day. And what a treasure these snaps will be when her baby days are over!

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"Regular" Kodak Film now costs 1/- for eight pictures, instead of 1/2. "Verichrome," the famous double-coated Kodak 8-picture Film, costs 1/2 instead of 1/4—it gets the finest possible snaps whether the day is dull or fine.

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All that you ask in the way of food you get in Libby's Beef; tasty and nourishing, easy to serve cold, with pickles or vegetables, or to make into good beef puddings, pasties or shepherd's pie.

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A BRIGHTER YEAR FOR VEHICLES

New Synthetic Finish revolutionises painting of cycles, motor-cycles and motor-cars.

LIKE LIQUID GLASS.

Cyclists, motor-cyclists and motorists are amazed and delighted with the possibilities of the new Robbialac Synthetic Finish. It is so easy to use—"fool proof" in fact—that no painting experience is necessary to accomplish with success the job of repainting a cycle, motor-cycle or car.

Robbialac Synthetic Finish flows on evenly from your brush, and can be applied over metal, wood, old paintwork, or even a cellulose finish without leaving the slightest trace of a lap or ugly brush-mark. The film sets free from "tack" in four or five hours, dries overnight with a surface as smooth as plate glass and as hard and flexible as Chinese lacquer. Weather cannot harm the impenetrable film nor can the effects of petrol, grease, oil and mud sully its surface. If you would like to learn more about Robbialac Synthetic Finish, send for leaflet and colour card. But if you would rather try it straight away, buy a tin from any cycle or car accessory dealer. They all sell it in 1/9, 3/- and 5/9 tins.

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(Dept. H8), Robbialac Works, Stratford, London, E.15



Secretary for War
Haldane, made
Viscount in 1911

"Burly Mr.
Shackleton," seen
here as Sir David

"Can't fight, can't
vote," said he of women
—McCullum Scott

John Morley, Indian
Secretary in the
1906 Ministry

Augustine Birrell, in
1906 Minister to the
Board of Education

Notorious talker,
Sir Frederick
Banbury

Continuing MY LIFE: by Viscount Snowden

A Giant to Remember

Keir Hardie had changed into conventional dress it would have been regarded as a falling from grace.

I have often wondered what he would have done if he had lived to become a Minister, and what his response would have been to the Command to go to Buckingham Palace in "frock coat and silk hat." I am sure if he had dressed up in these symbols of respectability he would have looked handsome and dignified.

Once, however, I did see him in a starched collar. He apologetically explained that he had been to his brother's wedding, and he had made that limited concession to conventionality.

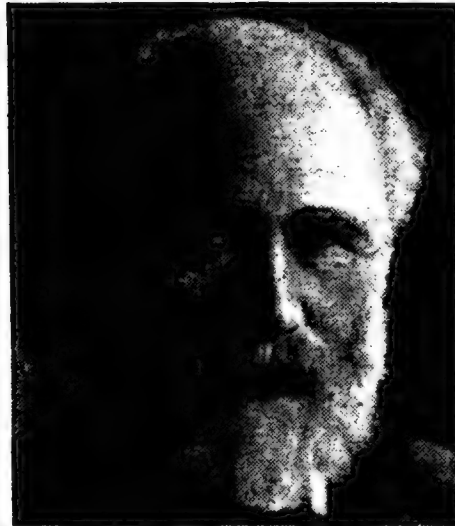
Once, too, he did discard the tweeds and flannel shirt. He was in Paris with a friend, and Jaures sent them tickets for the Opera. They assumed that evening dress would be essential. His friend was equipped in that respect, but the problem of providing Hardie with dress clothes was difficult. They took the head waiter into their confidence and asked him if he had a spare suit. He had a coat and trousers, but no vest. That difficulty was overcome by Hardie wearing a broad silk sash.

In that attire he went to the Opera, and he and his friend were the only two men in the theatre in evening dress!

It is said to be impossible to argue with an optimist. It is more difficult to shake the faith of a prophet. Hardie profoundly believed himself to be inspired with a mission.

After the declaration of the poll in an election in which he had been an unsuccessful candidate, he said to a gathering of his supporters: "I come from a race of seers, and I see clearly in prophetic vision the day, not fifty years ahead, when the cause for which we stand will be triumphant."

He lived to see the Labour Party grow



He borrowed plumes from the head waiter—Keir Hardie

to such strength as to make others with duller intellects and clouded vision see the probability of his prophecy being realised. He had a strong grain of superstition in his nature.

He was the only man I have known who claimed to have a certain conviction that he had lived in a former incarnation, and who had some remembrance of incidents of his former life.

He had a touching sympathy for the helpless. I have seen his eyes fill with tears at the news of the death of a devoted dog. He carried to his end an old silver watch he had worn in the mine, which bore the marks of the teeth of a favourite pit pony, made by a futile attempt on its part to eat it.

Though thirty years had gone, he still spoke of that dumb friend with an affection one shows to the memory of a lost child.

He never talked of religion, though I believe he retained his church membership to the end. He had no sympathy with the pretences and unrealities of mere religious profession. It was not necessary for Keir Hardie to parade his religion. His life was the expression of a deep religious faith.

A mutual friend once said to me: "If Hardie were the most blatant atheist I should still regard him as the most religious man I have ever known." "I

Race with "Silver Ring"

THE first of the classics—the Two Thousand Guineas—will be run in a fortnight's time. One or two of my correspondents have confused geldings and half-breds and want to know if both are barred from running in the Derby.

Geldings are now ineligible for the Epsom classic. Ruling them out is quite understandable, for the classics are the mainstay of the bloodstock industry.

There is no rule debarring half-breds, although one seldom hears of one up to classic form.

Light Sussex and Wenceslas remain the selections for the City and Sub. and Great Met. respectively, but I suggest a saver on Whiteplains for the long-distance prize. Lord Rosebery's son of Manna is having a good preparation.

The First Classic

Lingfield will stage some bright sport this week-end. Tom Bowling looks best for the Leigh Memorial Handicap. Nepcote and Petrograd may oblige for the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RINGS" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 19, to Wednesday, April 25.

P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

do not know," Hardie once said to me, "what they will say about old Keir Hardie when he is dead and gone. But this at least I hope they will be able to say—that, with all his faults, he always fought for his own class." And that, indeed, those of us who knew him can say.

The strenuous life which Hardie lived after he took up public work undermined a naturally strong constitution. At forty he looked twenty years older than his age. At fifty he was old and grey, almost white.

At times in the eight years before the outbreak of war he had serious attacks of illness which necessitated long absences from the House of Commons.

The shock of the war was too much for his enfeebled body. At first he called up all the resources of strength left to him, and spoke and wrote against the war with something of his old energy. The merging of the Labour Party in the war-mad crowd, the personal attacks of his old friends and comrades, and the temporary destruction of all he had worked for and hoped for finally broke him down.

After six months of lingering illness, he died on September 26, 1915, having just passed his fifty-ninth year.

Few men have crowded so much into a short life. Few men have had so great an influence on the political life of the country. In the day when the common people enter into the Promised Land, no name deserves to be more affectionately and gratefully remembered than Keir Hardie.

Before leaving recollections of the pre-war Parliaments, may I make a comment on the prospects of the Labour Party as they appeared before the outbreak of war? Between 1906 and 1914 there had been three General Elections and twenty-eight by-elections, in which the Labour Party had put forward candidates.

The results of all these elections showed little indication that the Labour Party was making headway among the electorate. At the two General Elections of 1910 the Party lost eleven and gained eight seats. At the twenty-eight by-elections, nearly all three-cornered fights, the Party won three seats, and lost two seats they had previously held.

In the eight years, from 1906 to 1914 the Labour Party had not increased the strength of its Parliamentary representation. It looked as if the Party was destined to remain a mere group, depending for what representation it had upon the good will of the Liberals in a number of constituencies.

So far back as 1903 Mr. Sidney Webb, whose political prophecies were usually very accurate, had expressed the belief that the British Labour Party was not likely ever to become so strong as to be a successful competitor with the Liberals and Conservatives for office.

Even up to 1914 it looked as though Mr. Webb's forecast would prove to be true. But the war completely changed the situation. The Coalition of 1914-15 practically destroyed the Liberal Party and gave Labour its opportunity.

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NEXT WEEK: When We
Staggered England



Meal-time everywhere
IS **STAINING-TIME**
for teeth

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth— Colgate's removes all seven

When you part your lips and smile, is there a flash of teeth that gleam and sparkle?

No? Nature, you say, has been unkind to you? She has given you naturally dull teeth, lacking in lustre . . . Nonsense!

Your teeth are stained—discoloured by things you eat and drink and smoke. Seven different stains are left on your teeth daily. And all your faithful brushing cannot free your teeth of these discolorations, unless you call to your aid a toothpaste with two cleansing actions. Most toothpastes, you see, have only one action—and to this one action, alone, the seven stains will not yield.

Colgate's Dental Cream has two actions. First, gently and safely, it dissolves and washes away some of the stubborn discolorations. Second, safely and thoroughly, it polishes away the stains that are left.

Don't resign yourself to dull teeth. Do the obvious thing. Get Colgate's and use it at least twice a day.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.

MADE IN
ENGLAND

COLGATE'S
RIBBON
DENTAL
CREAM

TWO SIZES
6" & 1"



"Come on. Take a turn
at the nets."

"What for—Cricket?"

"No, you mutt—
Salmon!"

Cap'n John West proved that salmon was not a luxury but an economical food. Good red salmon actually gives you more real nutriment for your money than any other food. Besides, there's the flavour.

Can you think of anything tastier than a juicy red salmon steak? There's no better salmon than John West's Middle Cut.

**JOHN
WEST'S
MIDDLE CUT
SALMON**

INSIST ON THE BEST—AND BUY JOHN WEST

SELLING, STANLEY & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL AND 8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON

Connoisseurs appreciate them equally



Why then
does EMU cost 30% less?

Both produced in wine districts equally famous from grapes equally fine. Both as long matured in oaken casks. Both as carefully nurtured through every stage of their development. Yet for Empire EMU you pay only 3/6 a bottle against 5/- for Foreign Port of equal quality.

Empire EMU comes from the glorious vineyards of Morphett Vale, South Australia—the reason for such a fine wine at such a little cost. An export bounty in Australia and a preferential duty in this country mainly account for your saving of 1/6 on every bottle of EMU you buy. You can prove this by sending 9d. for a sample bottle (see coupon below).



New shape bottle.
No corkscrew required.

EMU 333 (Rich Ruby)
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per **3/6** bottle

From all Wine Merchants
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By appointment to H.M. The King

**EMU
AUSTRALIAN
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SEND 9d ONLY

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If you have not tried EMU Wines we will send you a 1/4 Bottle Sample of any one for 9d.—a 1/4 Bottle Sample of any two for 1/6—or a 1/4 Bottle Sample of all three for 2/3. Cut out this offer, pin to a sheet of notepaper. Write your name and address, state sample (or samples) required and send P.O. to The EMU Wine Co., Ltd., Swan Street, London, E.1.



How to turn out a Perfect Jelly

Success every time—what a pleasure to feel certain your Jelly will turn out perfect—in shape, colour and flavour. You can have this confidence by using **CHIVERS** Jellies—everybody likes their real fruit juice flavours. Just the ideal dessert for Spring and Summer menus. Easy to make too, by following these simple directions:—

Place Jelly cubes in a measure and stir in just enough hot (not boiling) water to make total quantity into one pint; use less water in hot weather.

Pour Jelly into a well-rinsed earthenware or aluminium mould. Tin moulds should not be used. Stand the mould in a basin of cold water to set.

When set, dip outside of mould in warm water for a second or two only—then place a decorative plate over the open face of the mould—turn both over together, giving a shake or two—remove mould and there's your Jelly—a perfect turn out.

CHIVERS JELLIES

always turn out well

Chivers & Sons, Ltd., Histon, Cambridge.

By Appointment to H.M. the King

Health Sparkles

in
GOLDEN SHRED
SILVER SHRED



the
WORLD'S BEST
MARTINIS

Picking a Husband's Pocket

—Wife who Steals to Save

THERE are varying standards of conduct. Some people see wrong in everything—others see right in all things.

At one extreme is the person who finds evil in a glass of beer, sun-bathing at the seaside, an innocent game of cards. His extreme opposite, holding that life is made to be enjoyed, indulges flagrantly in licence, gluttony, gambling.

In between these two is the third type who says the end justifies the means—if the end is a good one. For example, a lie on the lips of a doctor is thoroughly justified if telling the truth might be injurious to his patient or distressing to that patient's loved ones.

This attitude to life is best summed up in the words "Let us do evil that good may result."

But is this standpoint always right? Let us consider three letters in which this question is raised:

"I have a friend," says one correspondent, "whose husband earns quite a good income. He gives her a reasonable sum for housekeeping each week, which still leaves him with a good margin for his own use. This pocket-money, however, he simply fritters away, and his wife, realising how easy-going he is, has from time to time taken money from his pockets without his knowledge, and put it into the bank in her own name.

"Until we had a talk about it recently it had never occurred to her that she might be doing anything wrong. I have told her that however praiseworthy her motive, it is certainly not the right thing to do. In my judgment, such conduct amounts to stealing.

"I ought to add that she has never touched a penny of that money for herself, and says that she is simply saving it in case a rainy day comes along. In this way she has put by £74 during the last five years, all of which would have been wasted if she had not helped herself in the way I have mentioned."

NOW this problem is bound to raise conflicting views. Some will sympathise with the careful wife—others will take the side of the mulcted husband.

The woman's point of view is very understandable. She knows the value of money, and it must be very distressing to see it dribbled away on needless extravagances.

I know it is widely held, from the letters sent to me, that a husband's wages are the joint property of himself and his wife. That is not so. What a man earns is his own, although, of course, he is under a definite obligation to maintain his wife and family as comfortably as his circumstances will permit.

Strictly speaking, therefore, when this wife takes money surreptitiously from her husband's pockets she is taking that which does not belong to her, and that, quite bluntly, is stealing.

There might be some excuse if she had been kept short of housekeeping money. But that does not seem to be the case. And I imagine that this man, if he ever finds out, will resent his wife's deception.

Without any reservation, I advise her to stop taking money in this underhand

way. At the same time I hope she will still continue her efforts to save. Let her try to persuade her husband to give her a definite amount every week as a nest-egg for old age or a rainy day. They might have a friendly competition together. If he will give her, say, a shilling or two every week, she will endeavour to save the same amount. That would amount to a considerable saving over a period of years, and, in addition, she would have the satisfaction of knowing there was no doubtful secret to hide from him.

My second letter deals with a similar problem. It comes from a man who has been accused of losing a man his job. My correspondent says:

"In my employment at a local ship-building yard I was the unfortunate instrument through which a fellow-worker lost his job.

"One pay day the clerk by mistake handed me another man's envelope in addition to my own. The two had stuck

Human Documents probed by Philip Inman,

JOHN BULL's "Humanist." He is always ready to help you. Write to him and enclose a stamped addressed envelope. £1 is. will be paid for each letter quoted.

together, so there was some excuse for his error.

"Immediately I discovered it, I went back and found the manager and the pay clerk having a discussion as to the whereabouts of the missing packet. And both of them seemed very surprised when I handed it over. I thought that would be the end of it. But within a week the pay clerk had been sacked.

"This has caused me a great deal of worry, for my fellow-employees have blamed me for his dismissal. They said I was a fool ever to return the money. Other people have also told me that I should have kept quiet, as a firm of such a size would never have missed a small sum like this was."

I HAVE no hesitation in saying that this correspondent adopted the only honourable course in returning that packet. Likely enough, that firm could have afforded the loss of such a small sum.

That makes no difference to the rights and wrongs of the case. If that argument were sound it would justify theft from any company of any size.

Then as to his fellow-workers' taunt that my correspondent was the cause of that pay clerk's dismissal—I can scarcely believe that such a drastic step would be taken on the strength of this one offence. I cannot help thinking that the pay clerk was unsatisfactory in other ways and that this slip was the last straw.

I know there are merciless employers about, but surely no man would be discharged on such a slight pretext. Any-



From time to time she takes money from
his pockets and puts it in the bank

body is liable to make a mistake of this kind.

In any case, my correspondent has nothing for which to blame himself. Look at it in this way. If the packet had not been returned, the manager might have suspected that the pay clerk had himself taken it. And that would have been difficult, if not impossible, to disprove.

AS it is, the pay clerk is freed from any suspicion of this kind, even if he has been unfairly discharged for carelessness.

No; if any injustice has been done, the blame lies at the door of the manager, and certainly not at my correspondent's.

And now for my third letter:

"I am in a small way of business as a window-cleaner," says the writer, "and I have taken seven years' hard work to get my connection together.

"Now another man has started in the same line in my district. He is also receiving unemployment pay, which is, of course, forbidden by the regulations. The fact that he has this

extra money enables him to undercut me, though my charges are only just big enough to make the thing pay.

"I would, of course, report him to the authorities, but if I did this his wife and children would suffer. On the other hand, if I allow him to go on, he will spoil my business and my wife and child will suffer.

"If he competed with me on level terms I should have no cause for complaint. As it is I cannot afford to allow my connection to slip through my fingers without a struggle."

I like the writer of this letter. Some men would have reported the matter at once. But he thinks of his rival's wife and family.

Still, that must not deter him from taking action. "Right is right, and wrong is no man's right." And he has right, definitely, on his side.

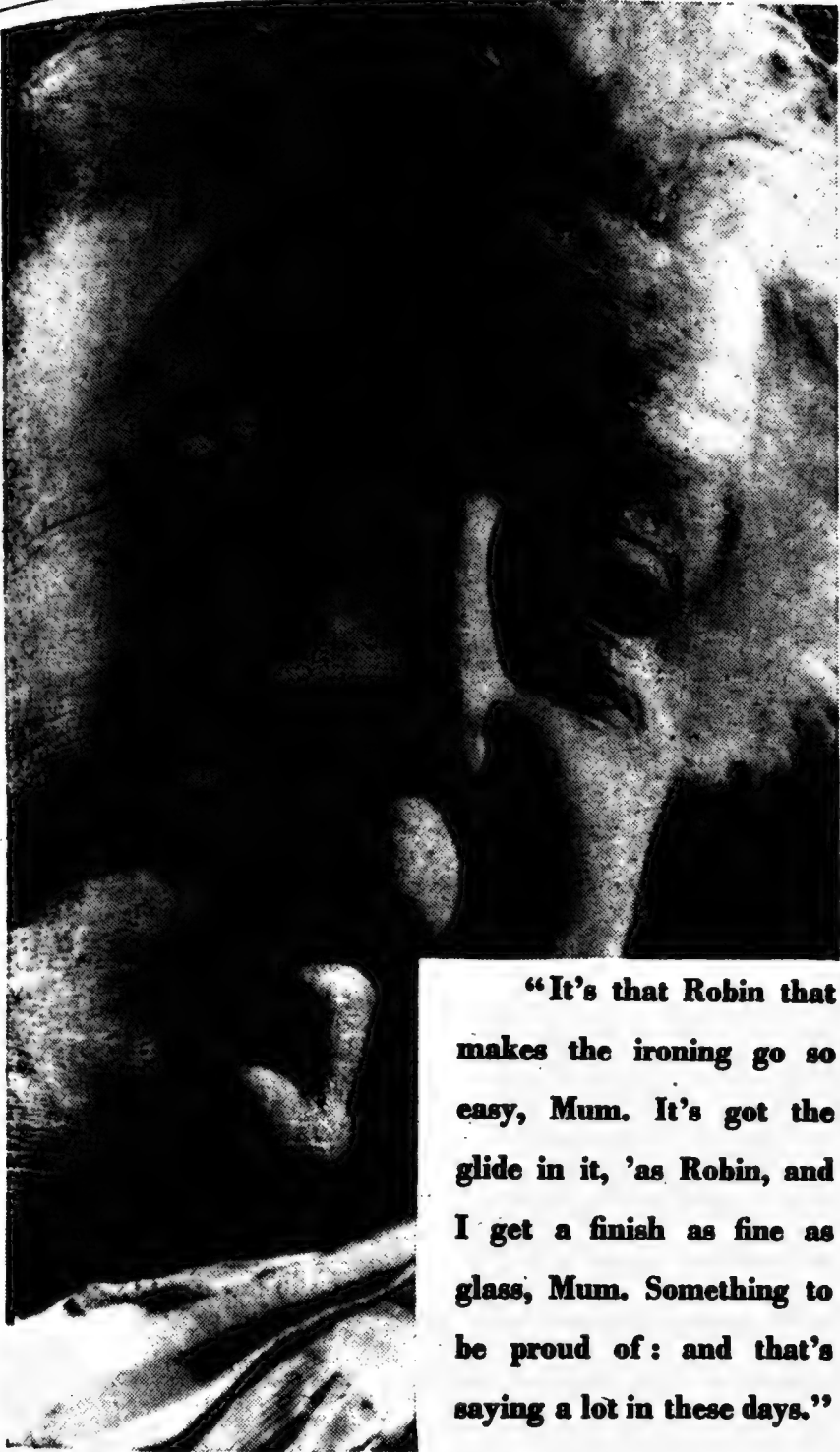
First of all he must make quite sure of his facts. He must establish without any doubts that this business rival is drawing unemployment pay.

If the information proves correct, he should either write to him or go and see him.

The latter is probably the better way. But whichever method he adopts, he should tell this man quite frankly that he does not intend to be undercut by one who is receiving an illegal subsidy.

There is excuse for some people's conduct.

There seems none at all for a man who will use money dishonestly obtained to ruin the business of another.



"It's that Robin that makes the ironing go so easy, Mum. It's got the glide in it, 'as Robin, and I get a finish as fine as glass, Mum. Something to be proud of: and that's saying a lot in these days."

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 43.

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"What do I use for my skin? The simplest beauty treatment in the world!" says the Duchess of Leinster, "Pond's. It is so effective, and so inexpensive that a beautiful skin nowadays is within the reach of every girl..."

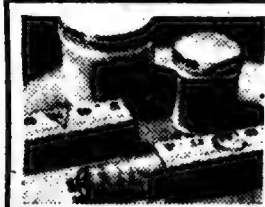
The Duchess of Leinster tells you in her own words how she uses Pond's.

"Pond's Cold Cream is so soft and refreshing: it soothes tired nerves as well as nourishing dry tissues. I smooth it generously over all my face, neck and arms so that it gets out any dirt and softens the skin that is so easily coarsened by harsh winds.

"I wipe off cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, so soft that they cannot stretch the skin. Then I pat on the Skin Freshener to tone and refine the skin. It is the most stimulating skin tonic I know.

"Lastly, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. I find it a perfect protection against city grime. Moreover, it makes the skin smooth, and keeps away little lines that we all dread, whether they come from laughter or from worrying.

"Pond's Vanishing Cream is also a splendid powder base. It gives the skin a velvety surface to which powder clings for hours."



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SPRING is here to widen the gap between the lucky dogs who are kept always in condition, and their poor brothers who are left to suffer the ups and downs of half-health.

At the end of winter, after months of too rich food and too little exercise, your dog has a bloodstream full of impurities. You know that he cannot expel these impurities through his skin, for his skin is non-porous. If his blood is still impure when the warmer weather begins to aggravate and develop these impurities his liver soon becomes sluggish and his stomach sour. One warm day will rob him of his health and his good spirits.

Save your dog from this needless suffering. Purify and refresh his blood NOW with a ten days' course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, and so prevent the blood disorders which bring such suffering to neglected dogs in Spring—continual scratching, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, loose coat, eczema and eczema-gout (swellings between the toes).

After you have given your dog his Spring Conditioning with a ten days' course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, maintain him in good health throughout the year in the correct way—a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days in every week.

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Bob Martin's Condition Powders are in 1/- boxes of 21 powders; 6d. packets of 9—everywhere.



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IT was down on the southern part of California that I became acquainted with the most dangerous dweller of the sea.

Let me introduce the exhibit in the case, as they say in criminal cases. Hunk Edmunds was the man who first told me about the tigers of the sea, but any deep sea fisher of Southern California knows the brutes, and keeps away from them.

Maybe you have never heard of a sea tiger, so let me introduce the exhibit in proper form.

There are other names for the sea tiger. It is called the orca, or killer-whale, and there are two species found in the Pacific, the *Orca ater*, which has a saddle of maroon colour, and the *Orca rectipenna*.

Their teeth are more terrible than those of man-eating sharks. The shark has serrated teeth; the orca's jaws are provided with great tusk-like ivories that crush and tear after the manner of the tiger of the jungle. Moreover, the orca's head is protected with a thick layer of bone which is often used as a battering ram.

There is a certain amount of oil to be had from an orca, but, owing to the character of the creature and the dangers of the chase, it is not hunted for oil.

We went out in a motor launch. It was a glorious day, the islands were surrounded by that soft mist that spells heat, and the sea was as flat as a steel disc.

The launch was a converted Navy whaleboat and carried the usual gear, including one or two harpoons, locally called "grains," for spearing big catches.

These "grains" are not just lances, but have a turned back hook after the manner of a large-sized gaff.

WE found no sign of orcas, although we went well out; then, a good distance off, we saw a "bone" whale rise from the sea and crash back again.

Up came the whale again, lying for some minutes on the top, its huge tail going like a windmill. And then we saw the cause of the action.

The "bonehead" had been attacked by orcas. The sea tigers were clinging to its mouth and throat, attacking its sides like a pack of bloodhounds.

I remembered having heard orcas described by the name of bloodhounds of the sea, and here they were acting the part with their terrible ferocity.

Blood was flowing from the whale. It was trying to shake off its attackers, but it was all in vain.

The only defence the "bonehead" had was its powerful tail, which can tear off the side of a schooner; but the sea tigers kept clear of the tail and concentrated on the head of their victim.

The fight went on for about half an hour, and then the dying monster went down for the last time, pulled to the bottom by its enemies.

Hunk began to tinker with the engine while I peered over the side, looking down as we rode the swells into the comparatively clear water. And after a few minutes I yelled out for Hunk to look too.

AN orca was down there, circling slowly round the boat, barely fifteen feet from the surface.

I don't know whether this orca intended an attack.

I hardly think so. It seemed to be just parading around, investigating the boat above it.

Its inquisitiveness made Hunk Edmunds mad. He called out for me to stand clear and lifted one of the harpoons in the bows.

There were several hundred feet of line attached to the end of the "grains," the extreme end of the rope being fastened to an iron-bound box. This

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES—80

ATTACKED by a SEA MONSTER



box floats if it is heaved overboard and acts as a buoy.

Up came the orca to investigate. It was almost at the surface when Edmunds made his throw.

He was a mass of muscle and that throw was delivered with all his strength. The coil of rope leaped from the bows as the "grains" thudded into the black hide, and we threw ourselves into the stern. Next moment the orca was off like an express train.

It started with a wide circling movement, towing the launch after it. The rope ran out until the metal box was empty, and the box was lifted and jammed against the bows under the gunwale with a force that would have broken the frame of a less stout boat.

Now and then the rope slackened off as the orca rose, but it dived again next moment in the hope of shaking off its unseen enemy that was striking into its vitals.

We were being towed straight out to the ocean and we knew it when the movement of the boat changed. There was now no rising to the swell.

NOW and then we could see, ahead, the dorsal fin cut the waves; and then it would sink and the green seas would come over the bows threatening to swamp us.

Edmunds made a sign for me to bail, and when I was doing this, bent down to escape the force of the wind, he crawled forward and threw himself on the line.

The open sea was before us, and we were going straight for the part which is known as "without bottom," but Edmunds apparently did not want to give up the struggle just yet.

I popped my head up to see what was the matter, ready to congratulate Edmunds on a kill, but one look at Hunk's face and a swift glance ahead was enough. The orca had turned on its tracks and was charging the boat!

It had stopped dead for a second before swinging round, and now Hunk gave a yell and made a grab for another "grains."

He picked up one that had no line attached to it, and I followed suit—not that I could have done much with it, as I was no thrower. But the great dorsal fin was coming straight at us.

Fear? I don't know. I hadn't time to feel afraid.

It was all over in a flash, of course. I saw the dorsal fin coming like a missile. I saw the orca rise from the

sea and leap, showing its black and white body and the water dripping from it. As then I threw "grains."

If it had depended on me I would not have written this now. I was no thrower. But Hunk Edmunds was a different matter. I saw his harpoon strike the big body and sink into it, and the orca seemed staggered in the air, came down—plonk! Crash!

Its leap had failed short because of the impact of the harpoon, and the sea seemed to rise and race at us.

Over went the craft in the wash, and was deep in the brine before I knew anything else.

At any rate, I could swim, and I came up to the surface in a double quick time and shook the water from my eyes. Edmunds was up before me, and when he saw me he waved an arm and we both made for the boat.

One push was enough to right her, for she was fitted, like all her craft, with airtight tins under the thwart.

We clambered aboard, Edmunds first, and then he threw his weight on the opposite side to prevent her capsizing again when I added my weight to the gunwale.

The extra harpoon was gone as well as other gear, including the white metal box with the towrope. We saw it floating several yards away. There was no sign of the orca.

But we knew that if it was alive it must come up before long, because orcas are air-breathers.

Meanwhile we squeezed the water from our clothes as best we could, and Hunk looked at the engine. It was flooded and soaked.

But the orca didn't come up. After fixing the engine and getting it going, Hunk steered the boat towards the white metal box. We took it aboard and found that the rope was slack, so we hauled in the slack; and some where down below we knew the orca was floating, if not dead, then nearly so.

It was a long job towing the carcass to the shore, and we were nearly out of petrol (our spare tins being lost when the boat was upset) when we anchored off the beach.

The orca was still in deep water, however, and it took considerable help before it was landed.

It was twenty-two feet in size, and when it was cut open we had some surprise.

INSIDE that tiger were half a dozen porpoises and other fish, and completely buried in the flesh was a harpoon.

It wasn't Hunk Edmunds's first one, because that had been taken out of its back.

It wasn't his second one, because that was taken out of its throat, buried halfway and stopped only by bone.

But it was the third one—the one I had thrown!

Apparently I had thrown low and the harpoon had flashed into the belly and the rush of the tiger had acted as an additional force driving it deeper.

So they said that I had given it the death-blow.

It may have been so. But in spite of all the congratulations I'm still convinced it was a foul, for when I threw that "grains" I hardly saw the onrushing monster. And I wouldn't face another orca for any price. A Scotch salmon is the biggest thing I've landed since.

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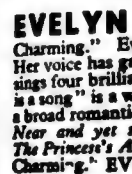


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RICHARD CROOKS One of the greatest tenors in the world. He has an amazing flair for finding songs of unusual beauty. And his voice has a captivating quality that has brought him an international reputation while he is still in his early thirties. His singing of these two lovely songs could not be excelled by any singer, present or past.

All through the Night: Ar Hyd y Nos (Old Welsh Air).

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EVELYN LAYE four songs from her latest Film "Princess Charming." Evelyn Laye has never sung so well as she is singing now. Her voice has gained in richness and volume and in these two records she sings four brilliant lyrics by Max Kester with music by Ray Noble. "Love is a song" is a waltz with a Viennese lilt, while "Near and yet so far" has a broad romantic sweep with a haunting melody.

Near and yet so far (Kester and Noble). Brave Heart. B 8136, 2/6.

The Princess's Awakening. Love is a song. All from the Film "Princess Charming." EVELYN LAYE, B 8136 2/6.



Paul Robeson

PAUL ROBESON the most magnificent singer there is of lovely Negro songs. His recent records are the best he has ever made. Not only has his art become more expressive and subtle, but the latest improvements in recording have enabled us to capture the finer over-tones of his voice as never before. Here is another of the charming child songs in which he is now specializing, and a dainty song of yearning for the old peaceful ways of travel, a protest against the hurry and bustle, and chromium-plated efficiency, of our age.

Wagon Wheels: Mammy's Little Kinky-headed boy. PAUL ROBESON. B 8135. 2/6.

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JUDGING by the activity of War Office anti-gas experts at Chislehurst, Kent, a half-hour's motor ride from London, we may, if war ever comes again, have to go back to the caves in which our forefathers found safety from the mammoth thousands of years ago.

Having thoroughly inspected the twenty-two miles of caverns and galleries that lie at a depth of 90 feet, the experts formed the impression that, in the event of bombing or gas attacks, 30,000 people could be accommodated in them for several days, with another 50,000 at least in near-by caves that have been opened to the public.

Back to the caves!

Everyone hopes that course will never arise as a war necessity. But that's no reason why we shouldn't discover the beauties of subterranean Britain under happier circumstances.

Not only has this land of ours more than its share of caves, some of them among the most beautiful and interesting in the world, but there is reason to believe that we would discover many more than are known already if we showed a greater interest in them.

Parts of the Mendip Hills are thought to be honeycombed with caverns and galleries, pillared by Nature with stalactites and stalagmites (natural columns formed and built up through the ages by the drip of water from above) into a beauty man's hands could not emulate—yet which have never seen the light of day!

Important discovery

Only a few weeks ago there was made in those hills a discovery that heightened this probability.

The partial drying up of a mountain stream, the River Axe, enabled searchers to find a system of underground caves which was probably sealed up by water before the days of the Ancient Britons, and which may lead to other discoveries that will dwarf anything yet discovered in any part of the Kingdom.

The spot has been one famous for its caves for centuries. The Axe, delving underground, passes through Wookey Hole—two entrancing caves and a chain of natural passages half-a-mile long—to disappear through a hole which at one time it completely filled.

It was when the fall in the level of the water enabled explorers to row through this hole in a boat that these delvers into the unknown made this discovery.

They found themselves in a vast chamber that Nature seemed to have designed in the pattern of a vast swimming pool. In the centre was a placid underground lake, at the side terraces which had their roofs linked with the floors by shimmering natural columns of fantastic pattern, and at the other end a hole through which the Axe disappeared again.

Again following the underground river in their boat they came into a bigger and still more beautiful chamber. The roof was so high that the spotlight from their most powerful torch was unable to pick it out.

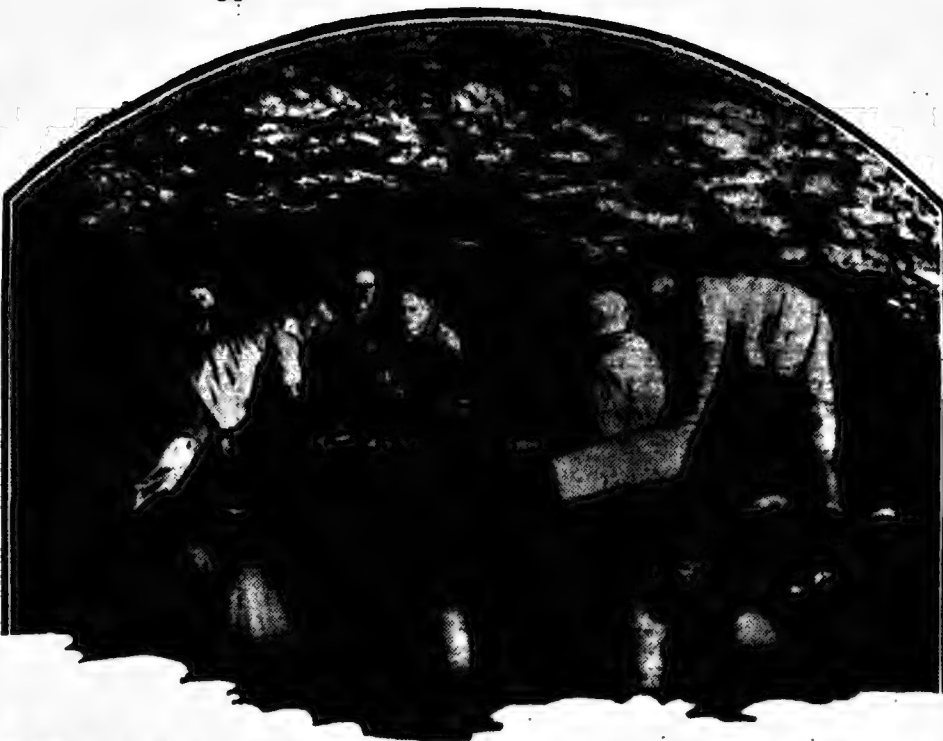
If that were all it would be wonderful enough, but more is promised. Will the promise be achieved?

Fairy grotto

In the second chamber there is yet another hole through which the River Axe disappears. Does it disappear into a subterranean fairyground of still greater loveliness?

In addition there are four passages that lead—who knows where? Well may any one of them lead to regions still more beautiful.

In these same hills there are the



Adventurers about to investigate the mysteries of the famous caverns at Wookey Hole, near Wells, Somerset

Back to the CAVES! —The New Wonders We Might Discover

Cheddar Caves to encourage further exploration.

Gough's Cave, the biggest, which is a quarter of a mile long, is a veritable fairy grotto of fine stalactites—and yet there are smaller caves there even more graceful and prettily patterned.

There, too, more discoveries may be made. Some parts of the system can only be reached by stripping off all one's clothing and worming one's way between slippery rocks little more than a foot apart. There are parts to which even the guides have never penetrated as yet.

Witch of the Mendips

It is still believed by some people in those parts that a witch, perpetuated in stone by one of the old monks of Glastonbury, haunts those caves of the Mendips. But, if you have seen them for yourself, you will be readier to believe it is a fairy.

The Peak District of Derbyshire, too, is so rich in caves that one might expect to make new discoveries there.

No other cave in the Kingdom is more awe-inspiring than the Speedwell Cave, where you descend to an underground canal half-a-mile long, traverse it in a boat to a cavern so lofty that the height of its roof has never been gauged, to see, at last, the water precipitated into an abyss of unknown depth.

Do you want to be let into
a great secret? Then see
JOHN BULL next week.

If you prefer natural ornateness to grandeur you will get it in the near-by Blue John Cave, where the only blue amethystine stone of its kind is found and made into jewelry, or, a few miles away, in the Bagshaw Cavern with its almost unexampled crystal effects that make its stalactites drab by contrast.

But for size go to see Castleton's three famous limestone caverns, one of which, the Peak Cavern, has an arched entrance 42 ft. high and stretching half-a-mile into a hill to reach the Great Cave, 200 ft. long, 150 ft. wide, and

100 ft. high. And don't forget the Great Victorian Cavern, of unknown height, and holding in its lap a river called the Styx.

Buxton has its cave, Matlock several, the Valley of the Dove of beautiful name, three, one of which, Thor's Cave, imprisons the subterranean River Manifold.

Underground lakes

England's next most important cave district surrounds Ingleborough, in Yorkshire. There are caverns there that would accommodate the Albert Hall with ease.

One of them, Gaping Ghyl, has a system of tortuous passages that are the delight of holidaymakers of an explorative turn of mind. At White Sea Cavern there are rafts to take you on the underground lakes, and in several of them are vast stretches of water in which sightless fish swim in inky blackness.

Then, in North Lancashire, is another big cave system leading from Long John's Pothole. There you can follow a bubbling brook through a rocky Arcady for more than half-a-mile.

Few districts have whole cave systems—but many have isolated caves.

At Torquay is Kent's Cavern, rich in stalactite columns and not discovered until a hundred years ago. The bones of the mammoth, bears, lions, rhino, elks and other animals were found in it, and were such a find for scientists concerned with our earlier history that the British Association spent £2,000 exploring it.

Windmill Hill Cave, discovered at Brixham, in 1855, yielded another cave full of bones that augmented the story of our ancient history.

Cave-dwellers to-day!

Worcestershire has man-made caves of household size that have come down to us from the ancients. In one, at Kinver, lives a family of cave-dwellers who have dwelt in the rocks for 12 years.

There is one cavern undermining the Castle Hill at Hastings, although not immediately under the scanty ruins of the castle itself. Another, known as Baron's Cave, lies underneath Reigate Castle, and has carvings believed to be Roman. Pembroke Castle has the huge Wogan Cavern in the rock beneath it, reached by grim steps that could tell a tale—if they could speak—of the day when Cromwell took the old building from the rebels who held it as a stronghold.

The Pembroke coast is honeycombed with caves, apparently hewn out by underground rivers in their struggles to reach the sea.

In England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales you will find these subterranean wonders. They are jewels in the treasure chest of Nature.

May the day never come when men, women and children will have to seek them, not for their beauty, but as a refuge against the bombs and poison gases of war!

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In Bravest England—(7) by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton



Now eats
what...& when
he likes

WHAT a joy! What a relief! No more pain after eating, no more sour risings, no more flatulence. Free, even from headaches, sleeps better and feels more alive than ever before. You too can obtain these wonderful benefits. You too can eat what you like—when you like, by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia, recognised and endorsed by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years as the world's safest and most effective stomach remedy. 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly neutralises excess acid and so removes the cause of indigestion, gastritis, dyspepsia etc., quickly and correctly. Don't hesitate, but be certain to ask your chemist clearly for 'Bisurated' Magnesia because there is nothing else quite so good. Take a dose after your next meal—you'll be amazed at the wonderful effectiveness of this famous remedy

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Price 1/3. Larger, more economical size 3/-

FREE Sample

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Pharmaceutical Laboratories,
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Please send Gratis and Post Free a Sample
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My ailment is
Please write plainly and send in unsealed
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GREY HAIR**

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Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 6/- per bottle; or direct, post free, from J. B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S
WALNUT STAIN EXTRACT



SLAVE of the Scrubbing-Brush

NAMES, I find, have tragically little to do with places!

Rose Terrace is often a dingy alley, and once I discovered lovely sounding Green Fields Lane to be nothing but a slum. London's famous Harrow Road, rising from Paddington Green, suggests a dignified tradition of the famous school, until in a rush of reality you feel how far the two worlds are apart.

Bustling, raucous, bristling with competitive shops, the long, shabby thoroughfare is flanked by out-of-date middle-class residences, backwaters left stagnant by the receding social tide.

Dissected by mean streets, you may wander for hours without finding a modern type of industrial dwelling; tumbledown places backing on the canal tiny, inconvenient houses, like boxes of bricks, shelter the working class. And everywhere you sense the strain of a struggle for existence.

There is little in the general outlook to inspire hope or encourage resolution; and yet, as I know, many of those squalid-fronted homes hold treasures of persistent tenderness and devotion—women who have shown their mettle in the cruel years of the trade depression.

In search of another of these heroines, I knocked at a door on the third floor in as miserable a street as you could find.

It was opened by Mrs. Broad, who asked me into the kitchen-bed-sitting-room of the family.

The walls were whitewashed, the floor was clean with a bit of oilcloth in front of the gas cooker, and in a padded rocking chair a small kitten was loudly purring. A line of garments stretched across the ceiling and an iron was getting hot.

Mrs. Broad sprinkled a pile of linen and told me that it was her afternoon off—the one free time in the week when she can scrub through her place, do the washing and have a good clean-up.

A sturdy woman, with a figure grown shapeless through years of sheer hard, slogging toil, she moved quietly, and when she smiled the ghost of a comely youth looked from her weary eyes.

Mrs. Broad has been poor all her life, never a day when she could spend even a sixpence with a light heart. She does not seem to have had a time of girlish blooming.

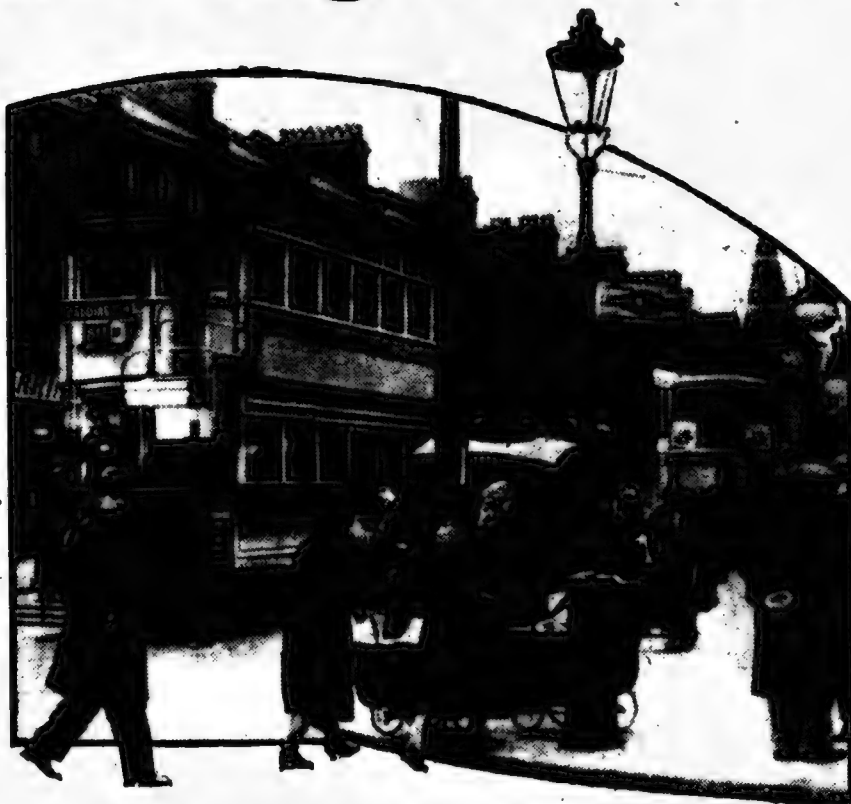
When she married, her husband's wages were only about subsistence level. But, if his money was small, it was sure, and with an occasional day's charring she paid their way and put a bit by for the expected baby.

"We had three rooms in the Buildings near King's Cross—there's a laundry you can use and baths, and hot and cold laid on—different to here—" The woman gave a sigh.

A small son had been born to them, and two years later a daughter. The mother could not go to work so often—children take a deal of time—and money grew very tight.

And then tragedy, stark and pitiless, descended on the household.

Mr. Broad was a machine-minder in



"We went into the clanging din of trams and buses... to do a bit of shopping"—a scene in Harrow Road

a small factory. He knew, or thought he knew, his machine like the palm of his hand, and, grown familiar with it, he dispensed with the safety guard. In an unthinking moment something happened—his fingers were entangled, his hand drawn in.

Crushed, mutilated, it had to be amputated at the wrist.

And at forty he found himself, a wife and children to support, without a penny and little chance of earning one.

"You see, he couldn't get compensation—it was his own fault, poor chap," Mrs. Broad's voice had a quiet, unflinching patience. "The firm gave him a month's money, and that was all."

They had moved from the Buildings to their present home—two small rooms, with neither hot nor cold laid on—and Mrs. Broad had set about earning the family bread.

She scrubs other people's houses, spring-cleans the paint, polishes the furniture, works like a navvy for five shillings a day—if she be lucky—and considerably less if work be scarce.

"And food," she added, "and sometimes bits and scraps to bring home." She had finished her ironing and began to wash down the table. There were some brightly coloured cups on the dresser, and a couple of oranges glowed warm against the white walls. The little girl of eight is weakly, and the doctor has ordered orange-juice.

"She won't take it unless she has a pretty cup," said Mrs. Broad, smiling. "It's best to humour her, otherwise she'd fret, and it's so bad for a child to cry."

HER eyes wandered to a photograph of a wistful little girl and a chubby-faced boy. "Those are my two," she said, proudly. "The boy's ten; he's a strong little chap, thank heaven. You can't think what the children mean to me and to Dad."

She paused, and a slow flush dyed her face and neck.

"We say sometimes they're all we have to live for," she said.

At one time, soon after he was out of hospital, Mr. Broad had a job as watchman on some building work. Since then he has been unlucky. He keeps the place tidy while his wife is at work,

and between whiles tramps the streets soul-sick—for a job.

There is no question of parish relief in the Broad household. The very mention of the name brought a white look to the woman's face that tired, dragged, steadfast face.

"You see," she began towards me, "if I went near them they might say I must be my bits of things."

She glanced round the room, with a scanty furniture which I knew could be bought for a song. But to her the chair and table, the pathetic little ornaments meant everything. They were her home, and while she had strength in her body she would not give them up.

"A sad thing happened to a neighbour of ours," Mrs. Broad's voice sank to a whisper. "She and her husband and the kids were taken to the House. She was weakly, though, and couldn't work. There was nothing too hard for me to do." She rested her hands on the table; puffy, disfigured, with broken nails and split fingertips, to me they embodied all the rare and precious things which go to the making of a great soul.

Loving, sacrificial hands, they wear their scars like jewels.

The children—if they are lucky (the phrase perpetually haunts poor Mrs. Broad)—will go to a holiday camp come the summer. She puts by a few copper when she can, and a friend has promised to run up a frock for the girl.

Early and late she works her daily treadmill of the roughest kind. But with her burden grows her strength.

A CUCKOO clock just inside the door—Dad won it in a raffle—gave out the hour of four.

"My man should be back directly," said Mrs. Broad. "Would you mind if I popped out for a loaf?"

We went together into the clanging din of trams and buses, and hoarse voiced street-sellers, and I watched the short figure of this heroic mother cross the road to do a bit of shopping.

Shopping! I remembered the women before whom lies the world of glittering windows, wherein they may choose Mrs. Broad was laboriously counting out her pence for bread, and perhaps a bit of margarine....

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cutting must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of the item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips".

THE BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Land a left to the body and, quick to see his change, caught him with a right to the chin which knocked him out."

WESTON MERCURY:—"The Commissioners sanctioned the application for a slight reduction in certain fares. The rates affected will be the return fares from Weston-Burnham 1s. 6d. instead of 1s. 3d.; Weston-Cheddar 1s. 9d. instead of 1s. 6d."

SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO:—"With the exception of two, the DANCERS were all of their own composition."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"The news of her husband's death must have been a great shock to her."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"Mrs. Broad's face was swollen and her mouth bruised."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"Bookmakers are congratulating themselves on the opening of the FAT-RACING season."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Chief Raid Charge—the POLICE had been sacked."

He was "a physical wreck" because his Blood was IRON-STARVED

Illness exhausts your blood—makes it thin and anæmic, robs it of its STRENGTHENING IRON! To build up your strength again, you must GIVE YOUR BLOOD THE IRON IT IS STARVING FOR. The quickest, surest and easiest way to do this is to take IRON 'JELLOIDS'.

As IRON 'JELLOIDS' make your blood rich and red again, you soon feel gloriously fit. You sleep soundly, thoroughly enjoy your food, and in every way are brighter and happier.



But Iron Jelloids brought back his old-time vigour

All of us need to take IRON 'JELLOIDS' now and then. Only a few people in every hundred have enough IRON in their blood. If you feel run-down, depressed, are easily exhausted, have no appetite, it is almost certain the cause is IRON STARVATION.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' do not blacken the teeth or upset the digestion. Everyone can afford them. The 3/- box lasts 36 days, the 1/3 box 10 days. Get a 3/- box to-day!

His Letter says:

"Anaemia, after a long and trying illness, made me so weak that it was difficult to stand. I was glad to try any remedy in the hope that I should regain health and strength. But I can honestly say that THE ONLY REMEDY THAT HAS DONE ME ANY GOOD IS IRON 'JELLOIDS.' FROM BEING A PHYSICAL WRECK I HAVE REGAINED MY OLD-TIME VIGOUR." Mr. S.

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

FOR MEN: No. 2a

Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2a. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two 3/- boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR WOMEN: No. 2

The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. Cannot blacken the teeth or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1

Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES
OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling
you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.



DON'T MASK YOUR SKIN BLEMISHES

Creams may fill up enlarged pores, and powder cover up pimples, spots, eruptions, etc., but nothing can equal the charm of a naturally spotless complexion. Don't put a mask over your blemishes; cleanse the disfigured skin with D.D.D. Brand Prescription, a sure cure for all skin troubles. Apply this soothing liquid and the skin is quickly cleared of blemishes and eruptions, and the old tissues are replaced by the faultless complexion you have always longed to have. Buy a 1/8 bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to-day—of all Chemists.

FREE. Send a postcard to-day for a liberal free trial bottle. D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.21, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

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The PACE that BREAKS the TENNIS STAR

RECENT events in the tennis world have tended to make people who have regarded the summer game as "soft" amend their views—particularly so far as championship play is concerned.

Last season was marked by a succession of breakdowns on the part of "star" players, both men and women alike. And now, before the new season begins, Japan's "No. 1" player, who met the other day with a tragic death, left behind letters that revealed a haunting fear that he would be unable to endure the strain of the games ahead.

Evidently those who speak of a "quiet game of tennis" have little idea of the strain world-famous champions have to undergo.

By the time last season was only half over the American champion, Vines, collapsed so completely that it was obvious it would be months before he was right again. Cochet, the French crack, "went stale" suddenly in the most unaccountable way.

One of the leading women stars, Mme. Mathieu, suddenly became pale and distressed at the height of a hard game with Miss Peggy Scriven, shouted "Brandy, brandy!" despairingly, all but collapsed, and had to be revived with spirits before she could proceed.

"A quiet game," indeed! When Miss Helen Jacobs defeated Mrs. Helen Wills Moody in the American National Championship last year—imposing on Helen her first defeat in those games since 1926—Mrs. Wills Moody went pale, tottered as if about to fall, and staggered off the courts.

There was a sensation at once. It seemed like cowardice on her part.

Miss Jacobs understood better. "I know what a game it has been," she said, "and I believe Helen quit because she was afraid of a permanent disability resulting from her exertions."

How true those words proved! No one knows to this day when the great Helen will be able to play again.

Borotra proved even more explanatory when he beat Austin in the covered court championships here last year. He fell several times, and had to be assisted to the dressing-rooms on winning. There were the usual carpers, people who had probably never played a hard game of tennis themselves, accusing the Frenchman of being a bad sport.

Said Borotra on his recovery: "People forget that tennis is now as exacting as a Rugby match. The players need an interval for a shower and a rest. Everywhere on the Continent we are accustomed to ten minutes' rest after the third set in a singles championship. England is the only exception."

These players have told the truth, and



A broiling day, the fierce strain of a championship game—and another Wimbledon "star" breaks down . . .

they say, plainly and unequivocally, that the strain of first-class tennis is killing.

Yet the reason for the collapse of so many champions goes deeper than that.

It is that tennis is the hardest task-master of all the sports, imposing a training more rigid than any other game, calling for a physical ability—so international is it—to play perhaps in six different countries in six successive months, and making a bigger test of bodily and mental endurance than any other game.

"But it is played with a soft ball," says the critic. Let us see how hard a game can be played with a soft ball.

As played to-day it is probably the most exhausting of all games. A fiercely contested five-set singles match may well last two hours or more—a good deal longer than a Rugby or boxing match.

And it is faster than Rugby or boxing, is played in the sun, and has no opportunities for clinches, half-times, rests between rounds or anything of the like. In other words, it is played "on-your-toes" from beginning to end.

An examination of the muscular output necessary in different games has been made. It has shown that the biggest strain on the muscles occurs in cricket, when a Larwood is on the point

of delivering the ball. But it shows what most of our tennis champions know from weary experience to be the case—that in sheer muscular output spread over a whole game tennis is the most arduous of all sports.

The pace of the game itself is the only factor. The shortness of the tennis season means that there are no sufficient intervals between big games. And as those intervals have to be filled in with the most rigid practice, the "star" player is rarely without a racket in his or her hands.

What game subjects its players to so strenuous travel and play in so many different climates?

Last summer Australia was hurt because we announced that we could send our Davis Cup players over. They had played constantly from the beginning of the season. They were playing for their country in France at the moment.

They were due to leave for the American championships as soon as the games ended. Then they had plenty of tournaments waiting for them when they got back here.

Yet the Australian suggestion was that they should go straight on from America to "down under."

Perry, the English champion, who frequently had to postpone matches because of indisposition, had to go from England to France, France to America, and America to Australia last season, a distance of more than 20,000 miles.

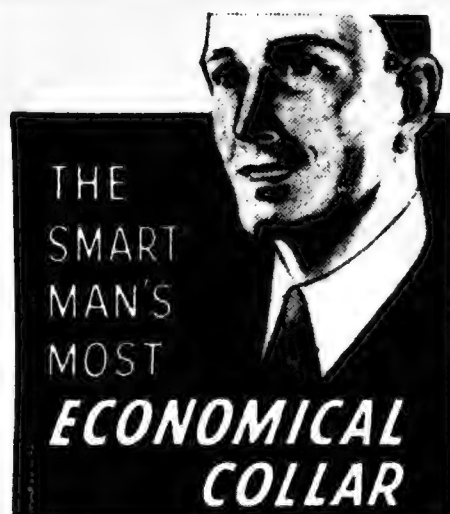
The fact is that present-day tennis doesn't give its first-class players time to acclimatise themselves. It is the one game that doesn't. Then the lion's bound to be strenuous, no matter how player strives to avoid it.

It's no good saying that the old-time players stood up to it better. Conditions were not as good then, and consequently the game was slower and less exacting.

Also, in 1930, we increased the compression standard of the ball to give a harder, faster game, and that has made an immense difference. This season the ball will be harder and more bouncy than ever. The compression standard was raised again on January 1.

We shall have more collapses than ever in the forthcoming season unless we have bred a host of Spartan tennis "stars" in the meantime!

And yet there are people who persist in thinking tennis a soft game because it is played with a soft ball.



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"The Greatest of These—" Fund.

DEATH of a TODDLER

ELIZABETH, who is seven, is the youngest of four children. Her father served in the South African War and the Great War. He is a waterside labourer, and during the last four or five months his earnings have averaged no more than 21s. to 25s. a week.

He and his wife are broken-hearted because they have just lost their two youngest children within five days of each other. One, a toddler of two years old, had only been in hospital a few days.

"We miss her terribly about the place," the mother said, with difficulty restraining her tears. "When my husband came home, she would always run to him."

The other child was only two months old. She remained in the infirmary where she was born for three weeks, and had been at home four days when she had to be rushed to the hospital suffering from pneumonia. After a short stay in hospital she died, a few days before her two-year-old sister.

Their greatest need now is money for

Elizabeth's family are in great need—will you help them?



bed-clothes and clothing for the remaining children.

"I do my best for them as regards food," said their mother. "Sometimes we go short, but as long as the children get a dinner my husband and I don't mind about ourselves."

Because Elizabeth's family circumstances are very poor, we shall be grateful for donations earmarked "Elizabeth." These, and subscriptions to the Fund generally, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



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Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous Gaumont British Film Star, writes:—"During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."



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A WOMAN'S INNER SECRET

Her Best Friends Didn't Suspect

SHE was worried—dreadfully worried! Only a few months ago she was the most popular girl in their set, but now—! It was her secret, yet even now she felt sure he was beginning to suspect. Her cheeks had lost that glowing tinge of sparkling health; she was listless and unresponsive.

Although she scarcely knew it, she was slowly poisoning her system and losing health through constipation. A good Samaritan told her of the purifying and rejuvenating power of Bile Beans, the great tonic laxative. Regularly every night, as she took a dose of these fine vegetable pills, she became conscious of a new lease of life as her body was unloaded of its poisons. All the old headaches and pains disappeared, and her cheeks told of robust health.

You, too, can leave all your health worries behind and be a healthy, happy girl again by taking Bile Beans regularly. A nightly dose (with an increased dose once a month) will save you pain and give you magnetic health.

A Gift Worth Pounds to You.

The right time for a good time is to take Bile Beans at bed-time. If you would like to try this famous medicine without expense, send a postcard with your full name and address to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Carlton Hill, Leeds, 2. Mention "John Bull," and the sample will be sent by return, post free.

Our Letter Parliament

I HATED Myself Most When—

UNEMPLOYMENT and poverty, then salvation when I resumed work at my old firm. Came the first pay-day for some time, and I was induced to celebrate.

By the time each of the party had stood a round of drinks I had had more than enough. My waiting patiently wife was distressed when I put in my disgusting appearance, but the matter did not end there. In my helpless state my wages had been stolen.

When I was sober my conscience was greatly aggravated by the knowledge that my wife and kiddies were to go without for yet another week.—"Now Tectotal," London, N.16.

Stayed Too Long

Years ago, when homeless, a friend offered to shelter me. She gave me every comfort and I grew to love her.

Then I realised I loved her husband, and, instead of leaving as I should have done, I stayed till the day came when I allowed him to make love to me. That day I hated and loathed myself.—"Never Again," Herts.

Kindness Unrewarded

It was my half-holiday from business, and on going home I found mother out, the house "upside down," and the dishes standing unwashed.

Instead of tidying the house, as I knew I should, I went out.

When I returned, I found by mother had cleaned the house, and also learned that she had been out working in order to buy me clothes.

I hated myself most when I saw how worn and tired she looked, and when, instead of scolding me, she asked if I'd had a good time.—Miss J. T., Co. Durham.

Struck Mother

One day I had a terrible argument with my mother over a girl with whom I had fallen in love. My mother had told me that if I ever brought her into the house she would turn her out, and in my anger I struck my mother.

I wish to Heaven I could have that moment over again, for I stood there astounded and amazed at my impulsive action. Now I go through life with a

stigma on my conscience, because I have struck the only person who means anything to me.—"Sorry Son," Ruislip.

Funked Rescue

When our O.O. complimented four of us for "good work" I should have been proud; instead, I hated myself. For there might have been five of us, but for my lack of nerve.

The other one was hit as we returned across "No-Man's Land." I went back from the shell-hole we had reached to get him. But only a little way; for it seemed every gun in the German Army was trained on that spot.

I funked it, a better man essayed the task, and brought in our pal, dead. I still hate myself.—C. C., Brighton.

Missed Train

The train steamed in and a woman rushed to pass me. Having got into trouble for allowing people to pass the barrier without a ticket and letting them pay at the other end, I refused to let her pass.

She was agitated and by the time she had got her ticket the train was steaming out. She missed it.

Why I hated myself most was because she afterwards told me she was going to see her dying son in hospital. I had unwittingly made their last hours together shorter.—"Ex-Ticket Collector," Staffs.

Lack of Courage

My old schoolteacher used to give me violin lessons at his own home two miles away. One day I pretended to go, but actually stayed away. On the following Monday, my sister, attending school, was asked why I had not gone. I insisted that I had been, and mother believed

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 24.

My Good Angel

me. She said the teacher must have been drunk and forgotten.

The insinuation deeply wronged a worthy man.

I hated and despised myself for the lack of courage that prevented my correcting it.—D. M., Bakerswell.

Grief-stricken

As a County Court bailiff, I had to execute a distraint on the effects of an eighty-year-old widow. The value of her possessions was negligible, and I had pleaded for tolerance from the landlord, but he was adamant.

The old lady uttered no word as she watched her humble treasures removed; but her grief-stricken expression made me hate myself and my profession.—H. L. P., Kent.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on April 21

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) EVERTON v. Portsmouth.
- (2) ARSENAL v. Sunderland.
- (3) W. B. ALBION v. Leicester.
- (4) DERBY COUNTY v. Aston Villa.
- (5) BIRMINGHAM v. Hotspar.
- (6) BLACKBURN v. Stoke.
- (7) LEEDS v. Sheffield U.
- (8) MANCHESTER C. v. Chelsea.
- (9) Middlesbrough v. HUDDERSFIELD.
- (10) Newcastle v. Wolves.
- (11) WEDNESDAY v. Liverpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) Millwall v. BRENTFORD.
- (2) SOUTHAMPTON v. Grimsby.
- (3) BLACKPOOL v. Forest.
- (4) SWANSEA v. Bolton.
- (5) BRADFORD C. v. West Ham.
- (6) Burn v. Oldham.
- (7) FULHAM v. Bradford.
- (8) Hull v. Preston.
- (9) LINCOLN v. Burnley.
- (10) NOTTS C. v. Manchester U.
- (11) PORT VALE v. Plymouth.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) TORQUAY v. Palace.
- (2) NORTHAMPTON v. Gillingham.
- (3) Norwich v. Coventry.
- (4) Q. P. RANGERS v. Bristol R.
- (5) SWINDON v. Charlton.
- (6) ALDERSHOT v. Cardiff.
- (7) BRIGHTON v. Boscombe.
- (8) Bristol C. v. Reading.
- (9) ORIENT v. Watford.
- (10) LUTON v. Exeter.
- (11) NEWPORT v. Southend.

NORTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Barrow v. CHESTERFIELD.
- (2) STOCKPORT v. Tranmere.
- (3) CARLISLE v. Rochdale.
- (4) YORK CITY v. Darlington.
- (5) CHESTER v. Gateshead.
- (6) CREWE v. Mansfield.
- (7) DONCASTER v. Accrington.
- (8) Halifax v. BARNLEY.
- (9) N. BRIGHTON v. Hartlepool.
- (10) Rotherham v. WREXHAM.
- (11) WALSALL v. Southport.

SCOTTISH CUP FINAL.

Rangers v. St. Mirren, at Hampden Park.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) CELTIC v. Dundee.
- (2) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Falkirk.
- (3) ABERDEEN v. Hearts.
- (4) Ayr v. MOTHERWELL.
- (5) COWDENBEATH v. Airdrie.
- (6) Hamilton v. St. Johnstone.
- (7) HIBERNIAN v. Third Lanark.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the Daily Herald and Sporting Life each Friday morning. Example Code.—Div. I.—2 (H); Div. II.—1 (A); Southern Section—6 (H); Northern Section—2 (H); Scottish League—5 (H) would indicate Arsenal, Brentford, Aldershot, Stockport and Cowdenbeath.



Pit-head Vigil

On the morning following a terrible pit disaster a boy arrived at school an hour late. As his teacher, I ventilated my wrath, refused even to hear his defence, and inflicted corporal punishment. The boy began to cry bitterly, and when I told him he was acting like a baby, he blurted out that he had been waiting at the pit-head since 5 a.m. for rescuers to recover the bodies of his father and two brothers. I never hated myself more.—"Teacher," Northants.

Expensive Joke

Always keen on a joke, I pretended to my boy friend that I could not play golf. We arranged to meet at a later date when I could be given my first lesson.

On keeping the appointment, I discovered he had paid money he could ill afford to engage a golf professional to be my teacher.

The shame I felt was nothing to the look of contempt on the professional's face when he was asked to meet his pupil—the snapper whom, some years before, he had taught all the golf she knew.—L. L., Scotland.

Tear-filled Eyes

My son had been mysterious for weeks—saving his pocket money, offering to do all sorts of jobs providing there was payment attached, and even selling newspapers after school hours.

He was saving for something, I supposed. Among the presents on my birthday was the most terrible hat I had ever seen.

"How horrible," I said to my husband, laughing.

Then I caught sight of the flaming cheeks and tear-filled eyes of my small son. Of course, this awful thing he thought so beautiful was his long-saved-for present. How I hated myself at the moment.—Mrs. K., Hastings.

No Recollection

A few years after leaving an ordinary elementary school, I held a responsible post as supervisor in a large business house. Dining one evening at a smart restaurant with some friends, the waitress serving at our table made herself known to me as an old schoolfellow.

I pretended to have no recollection of the girl, and assumed that she had made a mistake.

Immediately I left the restaurant I hated and despised the snobbery within me that made me deny acquaintance with a girl in a less fortunate position than myself.—Miss T. P., Stroud Green.

* * *

When, as a young clerk, I was promoted over the head of the grey-headed one who taught me all he knew.—W. G. Hull.

In a show of bad temper I was sent to the field, and from the resultant penalty my team lost the cup. The look my team-mates gave me on their return to the dressing-room made me hate myself.—L. P. K., N.17.

The night I spent having a jolly good time with a few of the boys, and on my return home with the milk I told my wife I had been working over on a special job.—A. J., Selly Oak.

He was one of many callers that day, and my refusal of assistance was couched in no gentle terms. The next day when I heard his body had been recovered from the canal I felt like a murderer, and never hated myself more.—"Housewife," Staffs.



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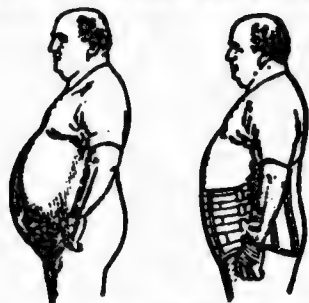
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The Editor Laughs Last



ROBERT (Sudbury).—"I can't shake the girl off." Take her out on the pillion seat.

C. M. (Bristol).—"I regretted calling my friend the biggest idiot on earth." You obviously forgot yourself.

W. H. G. (Utttoxeter).—"I hold some rather unusual views of England." We've seen those amateur snapshots.

T. M. (Bournemouth).—"A former Chicago gangster is now a manufacturer of suspenders." Still in the hold-up business.

S. S. (Tottenham).—"I have heard our new maid playing hot rhythm on the piano." Perhaps she was just dusting it rather vigorously.

HUSBAND (Goole).—"Wives usually have the last word." Unless they are the kind that never get to it.

J. S. (Glasgow).—"A woman baker of my acquaintance dresses to suit her calling." Does she even wear a bun?

NIGHT WATCHMAN (Leeds).—"I always take a snack between 2 and 3 a.m." You won't next Sunday morning.

W. E. (Leamington).—"When I tried to sell my recipe for a new summer drink I was told it was useless." Not worth a straw, in fact.

H. L. (Barking).—"I have just arrived in England, but I hated leaving my native New Zealand behind." Well, you could not bring it with you.

S. A. P. (Welwyn Garden City).—"Flattery often gets a man into trouble." Especially when it takes the form of imitating another man's signature.

RAMBLER (Kew).—"Hikers will disagree with the statement that the old rambling lane is no longer." Of course—it seems longer and longer at every step.

V. B. (Chichester).—"If certain Ministers are in favour of holding a conference and the others aren't, how is the difficulty got over?" By holding a conference.

H. G. (Cheltenham).—"One can get too much interval at an expensive concert." But surely it depends on whether one is musical—or not.

T. G. (Marylebone).—"The life of a professional cricketer is a punishing one." He always gets well tanned before the end of the season.

CHEST (Renfrew).—"My doctor has ordered me to go away for a change of air. Why do you think that is?" Because you couldn't get it by staying at home.

PEACEFUL (Peacehaven).—"What is it that leads a man to a fight with another?" The conviction that he can lick him.

GLORIA (Windsor).—"I go to boxing matches because I can see romance in a heavyweight's punch." You think it is a divine right?

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"What do you think is the most highly prized work of art among the younger members of this district?" A Bank of England "Aver."

ATTENDANT (Westminster).—"People are always getting hurt by diving into the shallow part of swimming baths." That's enough to make anybody go off the deep end.

B. M. (Rotherham).—"I read of a man who can repeat the whole of a play after hearing it once." We fancy we were sitting just in front of him the other night.

BERT (Kensington).—"If two pretty girls are standing together in a bus and a fellow is sitting, what can he do?" Well, if they are real up-to-daters as to figure, offer them both his seat.

F. M. (Edgware).—"A girl likes a man to have a firm handshake." Then she knows instinctively that he has that sinewy strength of wrist so necessary to rattle up a decent cocktail.

R. S. (Birmingham).—"I have never heard anything from my uncle, who was sent out three years ago on a Government mission to get inside information of cannibal life in the Pacific." He must have got it.

Hiker (East Ham).—"I am planning a walking tour." Wandering in your mind?

C. J. (Catford).—"Last week I spent hours house-hunting." That nearly always follows a jolly night at the club.

T. B. (Bow).—"It is the man in his club who says a woman's place is at home." Well, where else could he say it?

PLUMBER (Bedford).—"The hall was crowded, and I couldn't get in." So you attended the overflow meeting.

S. P. A. (Ashford).—"Genius is next door to madness." Your neighbour agrees?

A. A. (Reading).—"Millionaires are rarely perfect." They generally leave much to be desired.

GWEN (Sudbury).—"I wouldn't tell you half I knew." The half would be quite enough, thanks.

GEORGE (Tamworth).—"If it rained every day for a year." The farmers would still grumble.

BOB (Ely).—"I was caught in an April shower." That's what comes of asking a pretty girl to share your umbrella.

G. F. (Folkestone).—"The life of a bank clerk is monotonous." On the other hand, it is a life of continual change.

ESSAYIST (Bath).—"There are two things the average man has always kept at arm's length." We know—his hands.

LUMBERJACK (Winnipeg).—"Soon I am going to cross the Atlantic." You should feel at home if the water is choppy.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Bond Street).—"Owing to my reputation I can charge £5 for a sitting." You must have a hard job getting your subjects to smile.

PUZZLED (Midhurst).—"What I shall never be able to understand is why so many people enjoy night-club life." It is no use our trying to tell you, then.

M. W. (Southampton).—"I read that in olden days people were often poisoned by food eaten from solid gold dishes." Yes—personally, we make a point of never eating food from solid gold dishes.

R. M. (Canterbury).—"The brightest moonlight in the world is said to be in the Fiji Islands." This is a far-flung British possession where all Scottish residents read in bed.

ERNIE:
by Jane Noel
and
R. J. Bailey



WORRIED (Derby).—"My wife doesn't know where to draw the line." What requires is a good ruler.
WORKER (Belfast).—"I do my hard work before breakfast." We rise with difficulty, too.
R. B. (Bottisham).—"How the dear meat ramp be fought? Only by a joint effort."
C. E. (Oundle).—"I found a peg in an oyster bar." Well, don't let your head and offer to marry her.
FARMER (Alvanley).—"I had hen that died of grief." The bird evidently failed to keep her peck up.

PEGGY (Woking).—"A game hockey makes me stiff." But a bang the ankle makes you limp again doesn't it?

MAGISTRATE (Middlesbrough).—"Wrong doing does not pay—burglars often hungry." Their keys, even, are skeleton.

H. M. (Highgate).—"American women use thousands of tons of rouge and stick a year." And yet the poor benighted Red Indians still call them Palefaces.

V. S. (Mansfield).—"And when backed three winners in succession burst into song." In a joyous treble, presume?

A. G. (Sutton).—"A French countess described by a gossip-writer as 'kind, charming, refined, courteous, elegant and attractive.'" Gracious.

CURIOUS (Chingford).—"What do the knife-throwing Mexican bandits when they can't stick one another? Stick one another."

DIGGERS (Peckham).—"It used to be thought in olden days that ringing a bell would keep away bad spirits." Now, course, in most hotels, it brings good ones.

W. E. (Yarmouth).—"To be attractive the seaside boarding-house must be perfectly fitted out." The wise landlady insists on nothing but the very best roof for her mattresses.

ARCHITECT (Liverpool).—"Modern town planning experts believe in building upwards." Quite right. It's so much easier than starting with the roof and building downwards.

E. N. (Epping).—"The lark often rises to a height of from four to five thousand feet." Well, considering the number of stupid odes addressed to it at this time of the year, we don't blame it.

NATURALIST (Surrey).—"I often keep tame mice in my coat pockets." That's a pretty example of love for dumb animals and also an excellent safeguard against female pickpockets.

SOLICITOR (Edinburgh).—"My type always hurries to the office when it rains." Doubtless she realises that she doesn't run her complexion probably will.

G. G. S. (Bristol).—"Radio is changing the lives of many to-day." Well, there's a fine opportunity to change your life on page 47. An array of prizes value of £1,100 includes a batch of 50-Gram Radio Gramophones!

NOVELIST (Bloomsbury).—"I have been searching for twenty years for a story that will completely satisfy the average woman." Married men are hoping the you will redouble your efforts.

D. G. (Durham).—"A footballer ordered off the field for tripping an opponent, who it was alleged was three yards." We should say it wasn't much a trip as an excursion.

WORRIED (Liverpool).—"Last night a wife threw the contents of the coffee scuttle at me, and the night before I went for me with the poker. What can do about it?" Have gas fires installed at once.

A. B. J. (Hampstead).—"I understand there is a woman in the Midlands who sees everything upside down." That should appear quite normal to her in a bargain basement.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SOLVE THIS
PUZZLE AND WIN**£10**EVERY
SATURDAY
FOR LIFE**£4,000**
A
S
H**£1,000** FOR RUNNERS-UP

LAST DAYS to win this RECORD PENSION-CLOSING

NOON
THUR
APRIL 26

THINK of the endless blessings of knowing that every Saturday of your life will bring a £10 cheque from "John Bull"! There is not one reader of this page whose life that Record Pension would not transform—and this prize of a lifetime is finally placed within your reach this week.

The Common-sense Clues on this page are waiting to yield their Solutions to some careful thinker, and an hour with them this evening may bring you the greatest Life Pension ever offered for a Crossword, or a great lump sum of £4,000 cash. Runners-up, too, will benefit substantially in this memorable Contest, for the enormous sum of £1,000 cash has been put aside for those who just miss the top of the prize-list.

Should you have sent in an entry last week, run through the Clues again—your second thoughts might be better and make a second entry advisable.

If you have yet to begin on the puzzle, do so without delay, for unless your squares are in by noon on Thursday, April 26, you cannot be the Record Pension winner to receive "John Bull's" telegram on Friday, May 4.

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £10 a week (or a lump sum of £4,000) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £1,000 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "JOHN BULL" on Thursday, May 10.

FAVOURITES
EXACT SIGHT
A L T W
TOE E O
P E A R M
H E M S A B
U N I T S O N
R N W I N T E
P R E B L I D
I T I S E E
M O S T P A R K
T R E E L A M P S

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word 255

Winners in 254 on page 2. Result of 255 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 255 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

- Musical instruments
- Nature's decorations are this
- That which cannot be imitated
- Peas are often seen in one
- Comes before "dong"
- Main stalk of a plant
- Parliament's speciality
- Uncle's wife
- Imitates
- Marries
- Until now
- Shaped like an egg
- Permit
- Fish has a scaly one
- Modern wife insists on hers
- Often goes into the garden for birds
- Finishes
- Colour of Government tape
- Figures in newspaper
- This sort of cricket is preferred

DOWN

- Poor fish are sometimes caught by
- Often results from scorching
- Just a drop
- Makes some fussy about food
- No longer young
- What Kings do
- Progress of boats is affected by
- Is sometimes put into stocking
- Relates to birth
- The red kind is more conspicuous
- Shows up flowers well
- Police use for receiving radio
- Put to some purpose
- Team's game is sometimes this
- What Editors do
- Is enjoyed by animals
- Cheers things up
- One that moves often speeds up production
- Helps ship in a fog
- Agas
- Grapes grow on it
- You see with these

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

- Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s/ (to); write name, address, and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, April 26, 1934.
- Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Solution and winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 10. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, May 22, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £1,000 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.
- In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £4,000 will be paid, instead of dividing pension.
- Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.
- Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.
- Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between winners' Newsagents.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions

F I F E S F L O A L
I N I M T B E
P D N G
T M G A
R E C O R D X W O R D P E N S I O N S E L E
A P D S P E N S I O N S E L E
I O L L Y
R S N S R D
S C R E T

F I F E S F L O A L
I N I M T B E
P D N G
T M G A
R E C O R D X W O R D P E N S I O N S E L E
A P D S P E N S I O N S E L E
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A P D S P E N S I O N S E L E
I O L L Y
R S N S R D
S C R E T

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Free Help for X-Word Entrants
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bulldog" page.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 256—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1934

F I F E S F L O A L
I N I M T B E
P D N G
T M G A
R E C O R D X W O R D P E N S I O N S E L E
A P D S P E N S I O N S E L E
I O L L Y
R S N S R D
S C R E T

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.
SIGNED _____
ADDRESS _____

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 256—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1934

F I F E S F L O A L
I N I M T B E
P D N G
T M G A
R E C O R D X W O R D P E N S I O N S E L E
A P D S P E N S I O N S E L E
I O L L Y
R S N S R D
S C R E T

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-
SIGNED _____
ADDRESS _____

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 256—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1934

ENTRY FEE With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.
EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE Other squares appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PERRY p.s. to Crossword Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of sq. entry forms required.
ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 256, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

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Try this luxurious
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the 'Ambrose' Belted
Corset. It discreet-
ly slenderizes the hips
... gently maintains an
elegant waistline.
You can't afford
to be without its
luxurious com-
fort for present
day wear.

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Corset is an
improved type of gar-
ment, giving the
combined support of
Corset and Bra in one. Made in strong
striped Pink or White
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underbelt (7-inch
buck). Surgical elastic
insets on hips. Adjust-
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I enclose 1/- Deposit, together with
4d. for postage, and will pay balance
of price either in one sum or by
monthly instalments of 2/-. If not
satisfied, and I return the garment
at once, unused, you will refund my
Deposit. Sizes range from 30 to 44
in. Bust. Enclose Coupon with full
name and address and Postal Order
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BUST ..
ins.

HIPS ..
ins.

No. 409 (A)
John Bull
21/4/34

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LONDON :: :: :: S.W.1.

SUMMER TIME and Trouble Time..

SUMMER TIME means longer play-
time hours for the children—
more time away from mother's
watchful eyes—more risk of accident.

Just a slip or a little childish indis-
cretion, and play becomes a tragedy.
A game is in progress—legs and arms
are in a tangled heap—one little
figure remains still—a broken leg...

So, on top of all her other worries,
mother is called upon to pay a doctor's
bill and meet other extra expenses
which a bad accident entails.

If she has been wise—as thousands
of other mothers have been wise be-
fore her—she will receive a cheque
from JOHN BULL, just because she had
the foresight to fill up two simple
forms similar to those which appear
below.

Besides watching over the children,
JOHN BULL protects the home in a
more comprehensive, more thorough
way than has ever been done under
any newspaper insurance.

THE ONLY PAPER

JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to pro-
vide benefits for Storm and Flood
damage and for Sickness. It is the
only paper to cover the Home against
damage by Fire, your most dreaded
enemy.

If you have not yet registered, why
not heed the advice of a Lincoln
reader, who writes: "I consider that
the wisest and best way of meeting
Life's uncertainties and tragic happen-
ings is to be registered under JOHN
BULL's excellent scheme of Free
Insurance."



Summer Time, which
begins on April 22,
is trouble time for
Big Ben, too. The
famous clock will soon
be out of action for
two months whilst re-
ceiving a "spring
clean" and overhaul.

Wise words! Confirmed by over
104,000 readers who have already re-
ceived cheques under JOHN BULL's
magnificent family protection plan.

Sign now. It will only take a
minute, and it may save you lifelong
regrets. It will mean "an extra hour"
of happiness daily for you and yours
all the year round!

NEW LIFE FOR HAIR

"Dead" Hair Roots Rare.
They Simply Become Too
Weak to Grow New Hair
THROUGH Hard or Scurfy Scalp.



"Had Big
Bald Patch"

"I Was Almost Bald"

Thousands of men and women have re-grown
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the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling
dandruff and poisonous and malodorous grease,
softening the hardening scalp and restoring its health-
ful circulation, reviving new and vigorous life and
growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

See What Kotalko Will Do for You.

Almost at once you will feel new life and hair-growth
activity in your scalp...

Surprisingly quickly you will see new hair growing
through the scalp. Simply carry on with Kotalko
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Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO
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ADDRESS ..

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Effective, Safe and Gentle
It is one thing to have had a reputation.
It is another thing to have maintained it
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Free Sample of "Bisurated Magnesia," the well-
known indigestion remedy, together with a
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Signature.....

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 21/4/34

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for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.
Please register me as a regular reader.

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Name and Address.....
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Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A
certificate setting out the full benefits and
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sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is
enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE
CLEARLY. J.B. 21/4/34



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For these and similar troubles there is
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relief from those dreary fits of
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occupation without fear of breakdown.
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Because
it....

- 1 Prevents Ugly Shine
- 2 Gives Smooth Peach Bloom Finish
- 3 Stays on all Day
- 4 Clings in spite of Heat, Wind & Rain
- 5 Does not dry up the Skin

"Dull Finish", the latest fashion in face powder, is the Tokalon secret; the result of the patent process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. That is why Poudre Tokalon alone can give such a lovely soft, peach-bloom to the skin. One application prevents all trace of shine all day whatever you are doing.

If you would have the "Dull Finish" complexion which is all the rage to-day, get a box of Poudre Tokalon. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other powders. Every woman will envy, and every man adore the fascinating beauty it gives you. 6d. and 1/- a box.

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"I am grateful we heard of RAZ-MAH," writes Mrs. C. Kelsey, 36B, North Parade, Whitley Bay. "I have not had an attack since taking the capsules."

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Eats Anything after "living on fish."

Here is a letter from a lady, a lady who wants every reader of this paper to know how she found relief.

"My case," she writes, "was of most stubborn indigestion and colitis. After suffering great pain for 12 months I heard of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder from a friend who was saved an operation for duodenal ulcers. I must write and express my gratitude. I have gained in weight, and after having had only fish and.....'s Food can eat an ordinary diet. I recommend Macleans wherever I go."

And Macleans Brand Stomach Powder can do as much for you if you suffer from indigestion of any kind. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets.

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What man or woman over forty does not know the horrors of nerves? Days when every little thing upsets you. Nights when sleep simply will not come.

But you must not think that nerves are inevitable. There's a very simple way to cure any nervous trouble, a way doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. In fact, it is so simple that many people have thought it too good to be true.

It is the Wincarnis way. Two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day will cure almost any case of nerves, for it is the ideal nerve tonic and soother in an ideal form.

With your very first glass you will feel it doing you good, feel new peace stealing through your veins. The first night you will find your insomnia better, find you sleep more soundly and wake more refreshed. Try Wincarnis to-day. See for yourself if this delicious tonic wine is not in very deed a perfect cure for jagged nerves.

Painful PILES Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all good chemists.

'Nemolin'

Pile Ointment

The Pile Cure that
SAVES THE KNIFE

RAZOR & 1/
6 BLADES 1/-



With the Razex Set shaving has reached perfection. The amazing price of 1/- for 6 perfect Blades and the best Razor ever made is 1d. each, yet they are made from the finest steel and are unsurpassed for keenness and smoothness of cut and lasting power.

Money refunded if not satisfied

STUPENDOUS OFFER
A magnificent new razor and 6 perfect Razex Blades in handsome case for 1/-
Obtainable at all Chemists or post free direct from
RAZEX (Dept. J.B.) 65, BLENHEIM ROAD, LONDON, E.14

MEANS TESTS don't worry him NOW

He's
Escaped
from their
bogey



ONE day is as grey as another when you are unemployed and there seemed little hope on the horizon of a young Yorkshire electrician as he pottered about his father-in-law's garden the other Friday afternoon.

His 150 days of unemployment pay were ended—in fact, he had filled in a Means Test form that very morning.

Suddenly his wife came dashing into the garden with a telegram. And as he read that message, the sun came bursting through his clouds.

There was his name, H. Robson. There was his address—"Lyngarth," Brampton Road, West Melton, Rotherham. Yes, and there were the astounding words which every "Bulleter" looks forward to reading: "You have won the First Prize of £1,600 in Competition No. 931."

Down to the Labour Exchange went Mr. Robson—to tell them he would not need to bother with Means Tests now. At first incredulous, the official ended by shaking him cordially by the hand.

When I had congratulated Mr. Robson on his success, writes the JOHN BULL representative, he told me exactly how he came to make his human and well-phrased *Bullet*, **BEAVE FIGHT—HER "FADED PRINT" RECORDS.**

"I remember perfectly well," he declared. "I was sitting at the table here, thinking of that *Example*, **BEAVE FIGHT**, when my wife came in to ask me to help her wash up."

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 932 FIRST PRIZE, £750, AND CUP FINAL WEEK-END FOR TWO

Mr. K. DICKSON, 68, Highview Avenue, Edgware.

Example:—PEEPING THROUGH
Bullet:—"BAD PATCH," THE "LINING."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. BITHELL, 3, Stirling Street, Swinley.
Example: Britannia's Stocking
Bullet: Taxpayer's Bed "Hangs On."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. J. HUDSON 68, Studley Road, West Hartlepool.
Example: Seen Everywhere
Bullet: Trouble—See A Doctor!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

M. BUSH, 72, Tennyson Road, Birmingham.
I Want Work, So—See What You Want!
Miss EDWARDS, 10, Battery Terr., Mervagissey.
"Be Careful!"—Warned Henpeck, Feeling Reckless.
Mrs. B. EVANS, 1, Balsam Cottis, Llanibenwen Road, Morriston Swansea.
Blither Blow—Perhaps To "Sound" Us.
H. GRIMSLEY, 14, Chapel Street, Tring.
Seen Everywhere—"Kind Friends"—"It's Cruel!"
L. LOWE, 25, Vernon Road, Tolley Rise.
In Our Garden—"Roll" Away "Hump."
W. MCINN, 36, Kiddman Street, Liverpool.
I Want Work So—Different "Look About Town."
Miss S. MILNER 84 Canning Street, Hull.
The Road Is Rough, But—Don't Drop "Peace Case."
E. W. RUMBLE, "Myrtle Cottage," Kidmore End, Reading.
Pushing The Boat Out—Accounts For "Broken Reeds."
H. SMITH, 107, Allington Avenue, Nottingham.
To Reform Father—Beyond Mother—Of Parliaments!

H. VALENTINE (Engineer), Crampmoor, Romsey
In Our Garden—Beanstalk? No—Stork's Been!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

H. BIRD, 27, Teale Street Dwellings, London E.
Pleased The Crowd—Ultimatum—Till Bombers Answered.
P. O. HUMBY, St. Winifreds, Exeter Road, Swanage.
The Road Is Rough, But—Feathers Harder For Bedridden.
Mrs. JERMAN, 63, Bellingham Road, Catford.
The Road Is Rough, But—Tiled Bathroom Sells House!
E. MICHAEL 29, Stoneham Lane, Southampton.
Friend In Need—Indeed, In Dad.
H. MUNCASTER, 44, King Street, Blackburn.
In Our Garden—Forget-me-nots—And Neighbour's Lawn-mower.
J. NICOL, 6, Norval Street, Glasgow.
"Be Careful!"—Yell'd Motorist, Looking Back.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
L. REDDY, 40, Trinity Street, North Shields.
Smack In The Eye—For Crooner—"Daddy, Whistle!"
P. E. SMITH, 38, Malins Road, Portsmouth.
In Our Garden—"Awakening"—"Delayed Through Cats."
S. F. UMLAUFF, 315a, Brockley Road, Brockley.
Worth The Trouble—Children—Or Woman's Not.
R. H. WEDGURRY, 40, Fernbank Road, Undercliffe, Bradford.
Blither Blow—To Epstein—"How Sweet!"
A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."
ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN DESPATCHED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 45.

FINEST RADIO GRAMOPHONES EVER OFFERED!

THIS WEEK ONLY 'BULLETS' PRIZES VALUE OVER £1100...

£750 and

£50 and 50-GUINEA RADIOGRAM
£25 and 50-GUINEA RADIOGRAM
10 of £5... 10 of £2.10... 25 of £1... 500 of 2b
2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS'... 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

Magnificent
50 - GUINEA
"Marconiphone"
RADIOGRAM

A millionaire's instrument which changes its own records. For winners having no electric current, Battery Radio and extra £35 cash will be arranged.

'THIS MARCONIPHONE IS PERFECT'

"Your description of this remarkable set—'A millionaire's Radio Gramophone'—is too apt to be improved upon. The walnut cabinet is beautifully constructed, obviously by expert craftsmen, and its ingenious automatic mechanism, which enables eight records to be played in succession, is a source of amazement. But it has to be heard to be properly appreciated. The set appears to be the complete master of Europe. Stations as far away as Moscow, Leningrad, Budapest, etc., come through as loud as I formerly received the Midland Regional on my old set. I have heard many instruments of outstanding merit, but this Marconiphone is perfect."—W. T. Humphreys, 4, Stoneyhurst Road, Erdington, Birmingham.



10,000 £50 SURPRISES

AGAIN THIS WEEK—
ONE FOR EACH WINNER
OF "RED SEAL" OR
"TARGET PRIZE."

One Week Only to Win These Big 2-in-1 Prizes

WITH a fine First Prize of £750 cash, to which is added a Millionaire's 50-Guinea Radio Gramophone from the famous Marconiphone Company, this week's offer is already enormous. But its attractions do not end here. Notice that the Second and Third Prize-winners are also to learn the miracles that radio research has packed into these astonishing instruments from the House of Marconi.

There are other big cheques, with smaller cash prizes galore—and 10,000 further reasons why you must put your best into this week's *Bullets*. We refer to that £50 Surprise which awaits each "Red Seal" and "Target" winner in this Contest, the winner of which will be notified by telegram on Friday, May 11.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

MAKE a start on your efforts by marking those *Examples* which specially appeal to you as the basis of a *Bullet*.

Next, tackling each of your chosen *Examples* in turn, jot down roughly the ideas they suggest to your mind. Juggle with the words you have written until your rough idea develops into a well-phrased *Bullet* of TWO, THREE or FOUR words unlikely to be thought of by others.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the *Example*, *IN THE GOVERNMENT'S GARDEN*. Down might go as your rough note the words, *Everything Seems To Decay*.

From this beginning, by keeping to the metaphor of the *Example*, you could readily improve your rough note to the finished *Bullet*, *IN THE GOVERNMENT'S GARDEN—"BLIGHT" TELLING ON "ROSE."*

Now get busy on your efforts—and make sure that you shoot your *Bullets* at the £750 goal not later than Cup Final Day, Saturday, April 28.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET
MORE HOUSES
IN THE GOVERNMENT'S GARDEN
BLOSSOMING OUT
MAN V. MACHINE
MURDER
IDEAL CAR
SHE EXPECTS
LIFE'S PRIZES
SLUM CONGREGATION
BITTER CUP
THE RIGHT TIME
TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE
BLOW FOR THE WAR-MONGER
WHEN I BEGIN
UGLY CUSTOMER
COWARDLY
ROOT OF THE TROUBLE
MY LITTLE PILE
HONOUR AND GLORY
CALL OF THE WILD
THE MUG
HER ROMEO
POMPOUSLY
BARRING THE WAY
IF IT KEEPS FINE
LEFT ALONE
WHY IT WON'T GO
TALK OF THE DEVIL AND
AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT
OUT DOWN
I'D LIKE TO SEE
PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT
ON HIS MIND
STILL SMILING
HOT ON THE TRAIL

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(935) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT. Apr. 28 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed _____ Address _____
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(935) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT. Apr. 28 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed _____ Address _____
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(935) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT. Apr. 28 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed _____ Address _____
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(935) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT. Apr. 28 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed _____ Address _____
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(935) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT. Apr. 28 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.	Signed _____ Address _____

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £25-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Put off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to John Bull) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Post to: "BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed (A Co.). Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for 2s. 6d. and 1s. respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 934 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 930 will be displayed in the window of Mr. N. Summell, Knott Book, Wombwell, Mr. Barnsley.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

HUGE FIRST OF £1,000 & RECORD OFFER OF SEASON TICKETS NEXT WEEK!

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 935, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.O.2 (Comp.)

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it
CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in "Zee-Kol" Almond Oil Soap.



It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price, 6d. instead of 1/-.

Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Blended with most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- Large 6D. NOW

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 314).
40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

PALM OIL

costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL

costs 5/6 per lb.

It is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Jack: "You are really the most glorious creature under the sun, Nedra, and I am not the only one who thinks so. All the evening people have been gazing up at our box looking at you."

Nedra: "You are most ridiculous, you know I am no longer young. Many think I am only 26, but I shall be 44 next month. I study the soap I use. All my life I have only used cream to cleanse my face. The ordinary soap has a lot of soda, so I found a marvellous soap called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is perfect for my skin. It is composed of Almond Oil, and I should advise you, Jack, to use it yourself. It is not 5/- per tablet—only 6d., and has a most delightful perfume, and this is the secret of my perfect complexion that you admire so much."

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most freemarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

We do not pay the Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.



blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results. Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful.

Per Pot - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube 9d.;

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

AT THE CASINO.
SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Nedra. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the world. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.
BARBARA: Oh, Darling! do tell me what it is.
SHEILA: I asked her hairdresser this morning, and he told me it was a cream called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never uses soap for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful? I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- & 2/-.
BARBARA: That's wonderful! I shall not rest until I have got some.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream. Cut out this Coupon; attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. 314), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

NO SHAVEX NO SOAP REVOLUTION IN SHAVING BRUSH

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX". "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils, all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX". Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks: "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travelers short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.



Friend: Good lord, not dressed yet! I have been shaved and dressed this five minutes and that Conference can never wait. Heaven above, what are all those soap suds doing on your face? You surely don't use soap and brush now, why every sensible fellow uses Shavex to-day. Even Kings and Princes use Shavex.

Chap: I will get you my tube and in less than five minutes you will have had the finest shave you have ever had, and when you have shaved rub Shavex in the Skin, it's a skin food. It keeps you young, Old Boy. My Wife says all my wrinkles have disappeared since I used Shavex.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX. Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. R 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.



ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."



VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ABSCESS.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.



ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

SKIN DISEASES Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations. ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy 4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.12), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.



BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.



BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.



PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."



LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Spiral for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the arm and for Rheumatism.